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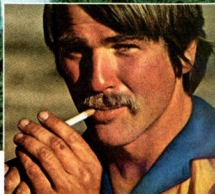
DETENTE



The Trial of
Anatoli
Shcharansky



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A Letter from the Publisher

Inside a Moscow courthouse last week, Anatoli Shcharansky stood trial with his life at stake. Outside, along with a group of dissidents, a small corps of foreign journalists waited grimly for the verdict, nodding at the familiar KGB agents who were photographing them in open surveillance. Among the correspondents was TIME's Marsh Clark, who filed extensively for this week's cover story, written by Staff Writer Patricia Blake.

For Clark, the trials were a culmination of his three-year assignment as TIME's Moscow bureau chief. In his 16 years with the magazine, he has covered scenes of combat in Viet Nam, the Middle East, Northern Ireland and Bangladesh. But Moscow is different. Here the struggle between the dissidents and the authorities is subtle and complex, with many diverse protesters: a brave few fighting for human rights, others seeking to emigrate, some striving for religious freedom, and also ethnic groups trying to regain their homelands.

Early in his Moscow stay, Clark came to know the Soviet dissidents whose names would gain world attention: Yuri Orlov, Alexander Ginzburg, Anatoli Shcharansky. It was Shcharansky who acted as Clark's interlocutor and interpreter in several talks with Nobel Peace Prize Laureate Andrei Sakharov. Recalls Clark: "Shcharansky seemed merely to be busying himself while awaiting emigration to Israel, for which he had repeatedly applied, perhaps believing that by making himself obnoxious to the authorities they would kick him out. How wrong he was."

Since then, the dissident issue has been only one of many stories that Clark has covered. But it is now at center stage—especially because foreign correspondents, as well as their subjects, have been harassed. One has been questioned extensively by the KGB; two have been charged in a libel suit. Some have been reported "expelled" after leaving the country on routine transfers. At last week's trial, however, Clark observed that nearly all of the 22 American journalists now at work in Moscow were outside the courtroom. Says he: "As long as American correspondents are here, lawsuits, surveillance and other forms of harassment are not going to change their coverage of what they see as a part of the Soviet scene."



Andrei Sakharov and Marsh Clark in Moscow

dents are here, lawsuits, surveillance and other forms of harassment are not going to change their coverage of what they see as a part of the Soviet scene."

John A. Meyers

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Beatty, Wow!

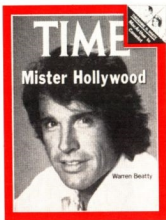
To the Editors:

Warren Beatty [July 3] is what Hollywood is all about: good looking, successful, but a bit mixed up. Yet, the public loves him—as it loves Hollywood—anyway. Travolta's O.K., but Beatty, wow!

Lisa A. Forte
New York City

He is a self-made man, and he is perfection. He is my hero.

Lynn Mayeda
Los Angeles



Although Warren Beatty has made significant contributions to the film industry through acting and producing, regarding him as a "major film maker" after producing three films (*Bonnie and Clyde* '67, *Shampoo* '75 and *Heaven Can Wait* '78) in eleven years is ridiculous.

John D. Carpentieri
Englewood, N.J.

In a film season that has been a desert of parched mediocrity, *Heaven Can Wait* appears like an oasis to bring a refreshing spirit back to the American film. Mr. Beatty is indeed an angel.

Barton Randall
San Diego

Why do you persist in adorning the cover of your magazine with the shining faces of Hollywood's creations? First we had John Travolta, and now we are treated to Glamour Boy Warren Beatty. Surely in this world there is more important news than the fact that Mr. Beatty's idea of sin "is to eat ice cream!"

Elizabeth S. Brewster
Evansville, Ind.

The Schlafly ERA

Mrs. Schlafly [July 3] is labeled as a polemicist, as being responsible for ERA's decline, of defeating ERA in the Illinois state legislature. Mercy, mercy me! One

small lady did all that? Don't the legislators get any credit for arriving at their own conclusions?

(Mrs.) Esther Carmany
Canton, Ohio

After reading your story on Phyllis Schlafly and ERA, I find myself wondering about Phyllis Schlafly. If she were a Congresswoman, would she have canceled her congressional obligations whenever her husband thought she had been away from home too much?

Jan McCracken
Lakewood, Calif.

Some of the nicer things screamed at my daughters and me by the anti-ERA band as we stood in silent vigil at the Illinois state capitol were, "Your daughter will be drafted," and "She will have to live in the barracks with men, and the men will attack her." Another told us that we were homosexuals and lesbians.

Mrs. Schlafly and her band of 500 did more to convince my girls that ERA was worth fighting for than I or any literature I could have given them.

Judith Imber Esterly
Belleville, Ill.

First Citizen Begin

Donald Neff's assessment of Menachem Begin's first year in office as Israeli Prime Minister [July 3] shows only that the former freedom fighter and first citizen of Israel can't be controlled by his so-called allies. Begin has never been any man's puppet. His dream of an Eretz Yisrael is his life, and on the vital issue of peace and security for his people, there will be no dictation of policy from non-Israeli sources.

William Hughes
Baltimore

Your article "Begin: 'Beyond the Pale'" was the most vicious, vitriolic, venomous type of "reporting" I have ever read.

The truth is that Mr. Begin is a Jewish patriot, honest, compassionate and peace-loving, as are the majority of Israelis who support him and are pleased with his leadership.

Hart N. Hasten
Indianapolis

It is nothing new to see Israel so stubborn. What appears to be new, however, is to have an Israeli leader so frank and open in expressing his country's desire.

Hamiddiddin Yahia
Houston

Reopened Wound

The American Scene article on the reunion of Viet Nam P.O.W.s [July 3] reopens a wound in the American consciousness that has never really healed. Personally, I would like to keep this sub-

ject in the public eye for as long as it takes to educate those "ignorant civilians" for their own sake.

Lonnie Christianson
Dallas

P.O.W.s hailing Nixon, cheering Reagan? That is final proof that punishment and suffering neither deter crime nor forge wisdom.

Mary Ellen Hurd
McLean, Va.

The country owes a profound apology to all Viet Nam casualties, not because it was an immoral war but because during the critical years we had a Commander in Chief without the guts to issue the orders for winning it.

Warren B. McBirney
Lakewood, Colo.

I have news for Ronald Reagan, who was quoted as saying "Americans should never go to war unless we intend to win." In the next war *nobody* wins, because it will inevitably end in total destruction from nuclear Ping Pong.

It is time to stop that patriotic mumbo-jumbo and to erase the archaic, pre-conceived notion that wrapping ourselves in American democracy and righteousness is a surefire ticket to victory in a nuclear holocaust.

Mary O'well
Jersey City

A New Wrinkle

Your story on the fashionable Sloppy Chic [July 3] ends with the sentence "In time, Americans may even perceive the beauty in a wrinkled face." Your writer fails in his human evaluation; wrinkles in a face are evidence of an individual's character, in a wrinkled dress, the lack of it.

Edward Anthony
Ann Arbor, Mich.

Would God Help the Devil?

Re the "Skokie affair" [June 26]: it seems incredible that the American Civil Liberties Union should be put in a position where it is obliged to defend its enemies, people whose aims are to destroy it and the society it represents. It is as if Napoleon were to say "Right, men, we will fight the British until victory is ours. Now I want my three best battalions to go and give the British a hand." The answer is simple: God has invested in us the authority to suppress what is wrong and known to be destructive. Can you imagine God saying "I'm against the devil, but I help him out now and again?"

Michael Mangos
Arequipa, Peru

Address Letters to **TIME**, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020



The Firemen's Band sends off Kittanning High School's class of '48 on an Allegheny River cruise aboard the stern-wheeler *Liberty Belle*

American Scene

In Pennsylvania: A Time on the River

Some of the girls of the May Court were on board, vestiges of beauty lurking after the erosions of the decades. The boy most likely to succeed was in the crowd, a preacher now. Both of the class's sets of twins were on hand. One of its two black members was present. The other had been glimpsed around town years ago, but where he was now was a mystery here in Kittanning, Pa., a hilly little county seat on the Allegheny River some 45 miles northeast of Pittsburgh, homelike if not home to the members of the Kittanning High School class of 1948.

In all, 119 of the 221 classmates converged on the diesel-powered stern-wheeler *Liberty Belle* for the cruise that was to cap their 30th reunion, a four-hour voyage up the river into the darkness and back, a roast beef dinner and dancing to a three-piece band. It was a stirry night of boozey merriment, insistent camaraderie, an interlude of urgent small talk and the irresistible pursuit of ghosts.

There, up from a Washington suburb sporting an ice cream suit fit for Cab Calloway and a wife who made it known she had met Liz Taylor, was the kid who had been the class's best dancer. There, gowned in lavender and telling of an ended marriage while speaking of her new companion as "my fiancé, my roommate, whatever," was the girl who had been head majorette. There, with the conspicuous tan and the bleached hair, baring a leg in a comic chorus-line kick—who could that be?

By now, the 60 or so classmates who had gone to the earlier parties were no longer puzzled. But some 60 more had waited for the climactic boat ride to join in, so the inevitable protests of recognition—"Oh, I remember you!"—still rang out as the passengers mingled among tables and chairs arrayed on the *Liberty Belle's* three decks.

Such cries were first heard five days before, when about 30 gathered in the nearby mountains to drink, sing and roast wienies around a bonfire that set off the most extended reunion ever staged by the class. It was also the most rained-on reunion. Drizzly weather beset the wienie roast and transformed it, and the parties of the next two nights, from al fresco to al canopy (a stately funeral tent was provided by Class Member Jack Kennedy, who had stuck around Kittanning and fulfilled a lifelong dream of becoming an undertaker). There was no sign that the rain damped the spirits of the celebrators, not even those who had forsaken sunny climes to attend.

In from Fresno, Calif., for his first reunion since graduation, Procter and Gamble Executive Jack Simpson claimed convincingly that he was delighted to be there, jostling hip to hip with dozens of others under a dripping canvas before the bonfire finally got lit. "It's marvelous," said he, and went on to muse on time's familiar way of shrinking one's childhood world: "When I was a kid, that Allegheny Bridge was the Golden Gate. Today I

realized I could clear it with a 9-iron."

Old Kittanning (founded 1796) had shrunk not only in mind but in reality, its population down from 7,700 in 1948 to 6,490 today, thanks in part to the migration of people like the class of '48. Fully 100 members wound up living more than 50 miles distant from Kittanning. 56 of those out of state. Other things had gone from town too: Paul's, the soda fountain that had been a favorite hangout; the trains on which some kids had commuted from nearby communities to consolidated Kittanning High School. Still, progress had not made a detour. One brand-new hangout, Winky's, a burger joint of gleaming glass, metal and plastic, had just gone up on a site made available by the demolition of a grand old mansion designed by Stanford White.

The town's civic travails hardly preoccupied these classmates. Indeed, it was rare to hear them allude to even the epochal events—the Korean War, television, the black revolution, the assassinations, the sexual revolution, the Viet Nam War, inflation, Watergate—that shook and transformed the world into which they graduated in 1948. Mostly, along with beers and highballs and a bit of close-harmony singing, they indulged in chit-chat and banter about those things that any sane person of 48 (as they all were, give or take a year) knows to be the important matters of life: marriage, children, divorce, death, friends, health.

On cultivating the vineyard for better wines.



Cultivating—which is simply the turning or loosening of the soil by mechanical means in order to control weeds and aerate the soil—might seem to some to be the most prosaic of all vineyard operations.

Yet, the truth is, we find its contribution to the production of fine wines far more complex than one might expect.

Weeds, to be sure, are undesirable. They compete with our vines for nourishment and moisture in the soil.

But that is only one reason we take great care to manage an efficient and extensive cultivation program.

Frost Protection

Our experience shows that a moist, clean vineyard—one without weeds—also offers our vines measurable protection against morning frost during March, April, and early May.

Normally, during the day, the soil is warmed by the sun's rays. Then in the early hours before the following dawn, the heat that has been absorbed by the soil is released in the form of radiation, thus warming the vines above.

However, if there are weeds growing on the ground, they will shade the soil. Thus, its temperature will be cooler than if the sun were striking it directly.

Since the temperature difference between a clean vineyard and one with weeds can be as much as six degrees, and since in most instances a mere three or four degrees difference between the ground and the air is enough to protect our vines' tender young buds against frost damage, we do everything we can to keep our vineyards clean.

Our goal, of course, is to ensure that the tender buds ultimately develop into the best possible grapes for our wines.

Pest Protection

Cultivation in the early spring also helps us control insects and pests by destroying their breeding places, above the soil and beneath its surface.

In our vineyards, we might point out, we probably do more cultivating than normal because we prefer not to use

herbicides when we can avoid them.

That same policy applies to the use of insecticides. We prefer natural controls.

For example, in one of our vineyards, instead of spraying to eliminate the destructive leaf hopper, we planted a number of wild blackberry bushes nearby to provide a refuge for several colonies of wasps.

The wasps then laid their eggs within the eggs of the leaf hoppers and thus prevented them from hatching.

In another case, rather than spray with an herbicide to control a weed called puncture vines, we used weevils.

These natural enemies then burrowed into the germ of the puncture vine seeds and prevented them from sprouting.

By so protecting and nurturing our vines, we naturally improve the quality of the grapes that we grow.

Other Uses

We also rely on cultivation to enhance our fertilization programs.

Fertilizers—except for nitrogen and boron—tend to become fixed in the surface soil. In order to be sure that these nutrients reach the roots of our vines, we disk them under the ground.

Then, too, during vineyard operations, soil often becomes compacted, a condition that could destroy the vine's fine root system.

To rectify this situation, we cultivate and loosen the soil, thus providing the roots some growing room. Proper cultivation makes stronger vines, and stronger vines make better grapes.

Our Purpose

It is only by taking full advantage of all the opportunities available to us in the practice of cultivation—as in all the other facets of the art of viticulture—that we can hope to achieve our goal.

Here at the winery of Ernest and Julio Gallo, our purpose is to bring you the finest wine that skill and care can produce.

Ernest and Julio Gallo, Modesto, California

Write for "The Art of Creating Fine Wines"
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American Scene

It was easy, then, by the clear day of the cruise, for even an outsider who had been hanging around to glimpse some of the private realities that lurked beneath the surface of things. An outsider could learn that there, joyfully swaying to a modish beat on the main deck's dance floor, was a woman whose husband had killed himself not many years ago. And that the bouncy little man assiduously declaring affection for one and all—"I love ya! I love ya!"—had been the shy little-boy-lost-in-the-corner all his high school days. And that the burly farmer looking on would soon marry off his last daughter and would probably never quite cease grieving over the death of his only son, at twelve, in a tractor accident. And that the bleached blonde doing the comic kick was the wittiest girl in the class and had wound up in Florida unmarried and happened to be the twin of that sedate matron who had married a classmate and raised five boys. And that the perky, petite woman with the Myrna Loy face, the one doing the jitterbug, had raised two kids alone on \$50 a week and, though cheerfully recalling the name of the man who had sung at her wedding, preferred not to mention the name of the chap she had married and divorced two decades ago.

And there, seemingly all over the place, table-hopping and back-slapping, was the man who had sung at that wedding—Johnny Lindeman, almost bald, clearly the spark of the whole reunion, thoughtful, everybody's friend. Decked out in bright red trousers fit for an interlocutor. Moved back home a few years ago after working as an organizer of high-minded causes down in Washington. Moved back after a divorce that distanced him from his four children. Running the family florist business with a brother now that his father had been immobilized by illness. Looking happy and even jubilant tonight. Good singer, Johnny, best in class. Not a bad actor. Played George Gibbs in the senior production of *Our Town* and still thinks of Grover's Corners when, from soaring Pine Hill across the river, he looks down on the tilted strew of toy buildings that are Kittinganning.

The girl who played Emily Webb had married a classmate and settled in town and, though she wanted to come, stayed away from the reunion because she was sorrowing over the recent death of an infant grandchild. Still, it was easy to imagine that the memory of her Emily was hovering about, reminding them all again, as she does in the last act: "It goes so fast. We don't have time to look at one another."

Surely (since what else is a reunion for?) these aging children, most of them, were looking to make up for lost time as their vessel labored up the river into darkness only to come home to Kittinganning in darkness still.

—Frank Trippett

TIME/JULY 24, 1978

A Sadness the World Feels

How and why U.S.-Soviet relations have sunk to the lowest point in years

There was never much doubt about the verdict, only about the severity of the punishment. The Soviets resolved that question late last week by imposing on Dissident Leader Anatoli Shcharansky a term of 13 years in prison and hard labor camp for treason (see WORLD). President Carter, who had called the trials of Shcharansky and Fellow Dissident Alexander Ginzburg "an attack on every human being who lives in the world who believes in basic human freedom," said the verdict produced a "sadness the whole world feels." In Germany for a summit conference of major industrial democracies, Carter responded to criticism of his campaign for human rights by adding: "Our voices will not be stifled."

With that clash of rival ideas, of rival systems and ways of life, the deteriorating relationship between the world's two superpowers sank to alarming depths. In the U.S., both houses of Congress overwhelmingly adopted resolutions deploring the trials and the Soviet denial of human rights. Democratic Senator Henry ("Scoop") Jackson urged, in vain, that Secretary of State Vance should postpone his trip to Geneva for a SALT conference with Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko (see following story), lest the willingness to continue negotiations be interpreted as "the wrong signal at the wrong time." His fellow Senator Daniel Moynihan said that "to send Vance to Geneva is to participate in the butchery now going on in the Soviet Union." A senior White House official declared: "We're in a bit of a pushing match and we'll have to push it out with them."

In some ways the trial of Shcharansky could be seen as a personal affront to Carter, since the President had publicly denied the Soviet charge that Shcharansky was a CIA agent. Certainly the timing of the trial, in the week of the SALT meeting, was a slap in the face for the Administration. But the U.S. moved cautiously in choosing the means to protest (and there were even weekend rumors that it was negotiating some kind of exchange for Shcharansky). When the trial date was announced, the White House ostensibly canceled trips to the U.S.S.R. by two U.S. delegations. Washington later postponed indefinitely the bilateral consultations on future U.S.-U.S.S.R. space projects.

Other measures being reviewed would

hurt more. Carter is being pressed to block the sale to Russia of advanced technology, such as a \$144 million plant for making oil-drilling bits that the Soviets badly need to develop their petroleum industry. Tass, the Soviet press agency, could also be prevented from buying a \$7 million computerized communications system it wants for coverage of the 1980 Moscow Olympics.

Such measures

U.S. did not receive the most-favored-nation status enjoyed by a great many countries. Nor did the U.S.S.R. obtain the substantial American credits on which it had counted to finance purchases of Western technology. These benefits were blocked when Congress in 1973 and 1974 linked them to the easing of Jewish emigration from the U.S.S.R., something the Soviets regard as interference in their internal affairs. In the 1976 presidential campaign, moreover, Gerald Ford publicly excised "détente" from his vocabulary.

When Carter entered the White House, he reinstated the term "détente," and his appointment of the temperate and skillful Vance was welcomed by Moscow. Yet superpower relations soon worsened.

Part of the problem has been a case of bad personal chemistry between the aging, cautious leaders in the Kremlin and the brash, evangelistic and sometimes naive Georgians in the White House. Comfortable with the classically quiet negotiating style of Kissinger, the Russians were offended by Carter's early attempt to conduct a more open diplomacy. They were even angrier when Carter proposed that SALT II effect deep cuts in strategic arsenals; to Moscow, this seemed an attempt to rewrite an agreement that had been negotiated with Ford.



Anatoli Shcharansky

may seem rather drastic retaliation for trials that the Soviets regard as quite within their rights. But the trials are only a symptom of a deterioration that has been going on almost from the day Carter took office—and even before. The wary cooperation between the superpowers, which was the keystone of the Nixon-Kissinger foreign policy and was widely labeled (somewhat to their dismay) détente, reached its peak with the balmy summit meetings of Nixon and Soviet Communist Party Chief Leonid Brezhnev in 1972 and 1973. But détente was never a condition totally free of East-West conflicts.

Just as the U.S. has remained suspicious of Soviet intentions and good faith, Brezhnev quite possibly began to feel that Russia was being denied unfairly some of the most important payoffs he had hoped to get from détente. Russia's exports to the

Kremlin pride has apparently been hurt, moreover, by Carter's desire to give such problems as the Middle East and U.S. relations with the developing world as high or even higher priority than U.S.-Soviet ties. Under Kissinger, Moscow indisputably held first place. To make matters worse, in Soviet eyes, the Administration has recently appeared to be courting Peking in order, as Brezhnev angrily put it, to "play the 'Chinese card'" against Moscow. All of this has perhaps boosted the fortunes of the internal security forces within the Soviet leadership while undermining those factions favoring accommodation with the West. Most State Department analysts have concluded that in the Kremlin "the cops are exercising their authority."

Bilateral relations have also been damaged by the confusion that has characterized too much of the Administration's diplomacy. Last March, for instance, Carter delivered a tough speech at Wake Forest University, drafted



Rebuking those who criticize his campaign for human rights, Jimmy Carter vowed that "our voice will not be stilled."

primarily by National Security Adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski, warning the Soviets of U.S. military power. The very next day, one of Vance's top aides telephoned the Soviet ambassador to call his attention to more conciliatory parts of the speech.

Then in Annapolis last month, Carter gave a speech that attempted to be both tough and accommodating at the same time. Moscow, predictably, chose to hear only the contentious half and issued a blast at the U.S. through *Pravda*. If the difference between the Vance and Brzezinski views were not enough, Moscow must have been astonished—and delighted—when Ambassador Andrew Young chose this of all weeks to venture the ab-

surd idea that the U.S. had "hundreds, perhaps even thousands of ... political prisoners."

The variety of conflicting signals reaching the Soviets has prompted *New Times*, a Moscow weekly, to complain about the "contradictory and unpredictable nature of the Washington Administration's behavior," which is as "changeable as the weather." Some U.S. allies make similar complaints. Grouched West German Chancellor Helmut Schmidt: "There is no consistency [to Carter's policies]. It's constant zigzagging."

Washington, in turn, has considerable reason to be irritated with the Soviets. Despite the Administration's can-

cellation of the B-1 bomber and deferral of a decision on the neutron bomb, moves that Carter hoped might bring some corresponding gesture from Moscow, the Russians have shown little flexibility in SALT or in the talks to control conventional arms in Central Europe. Instead, they have continued expanding their military arsenals at a brisk pace. They also concealed sophisticated bugging equipment inside the U.S. embassy in Moscow and launched a campaign of harassment against American businessmen and journalists.

The Administration charges that a number of Soviet actions have violated the essence of détente, as codified by the

Mixed signals for Moscow: a propaganda bonus from Andy Young and sizzling protests by Senators Leahy, Jackson and Moynihan



Nation

1972 statement of Basic Principles signed by Nixon and Brezhnev. This committed the U.S. and U.S.S.R. to prevent situations "capable of causing a dangerous exacerbation of their relations" and "which would serve to increase international tensions." Moscow has ignored that pledge by its military intervention in Ethiopia, persistent attempts to derail Egyptian President Anwar Sadat's Middle East peace initiative, and efforts to discredit the Anglo-American formula for the peaceful transfer of power to the black majority in southern Africa.

But what seems to upset the Administration most is the chronic Soviet repression of dissent—and what upsets the Soviets most is the White House attacks on that repression. Carter has insisted that his campaign "is addressed not to any particular people or area" and has brought considerable pressure on non-Communist repressive regimes in South Korea, Iran and Chile. But Moscow has seen itself as the main target. Indeed, Carter's most stirring statements and dramatic moves have involved Soviet dissidents. Shortly after taking office, the President sent a letter to Nuclear Physicist Andrei Sakharov, the U.S.S.R.'s most prominent dissident, and pledged to use the U.S.'s "good offices to seek the release of prisoners of conscience." An enraged Brezhnev warned Carter not to "interfere in the internal affairs of the Soviet Union... A normal development of relations on such a basis is, of course, unthinkable."

It is questionable whether the U.S. should be spending so much of its diplomatic capital in an area over which it can have little, if any, impact. The Soviets are extremely sensitive to matters affecting their totalitarian control over their people. Because Moscow regards dissent as a threat to this total control, it has suppressed dissidents regardless of international opinion and regardless of the Helsinki agreement of 1975 in which it promised to honor basic human rights.

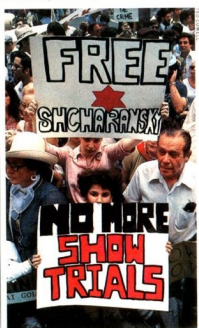
Actually, considering that Russia is a police state, the dissidents have been allowed remarkable opportunities to protest and publicize their grievances. It is naive to believe that mere criticism from abroad can liberalize a society that has been repressive for centuries under a variety of dictatorial regimes. Foreign campaigns on behalf of dissidents may even prompt the Kremlin's leaders to react by cracking down harder. It seems strange that this Soviet attitude has not been better understood by the Carter Administration. Marshall Shulman, now Vance's key adviser on Soviet affairs, implicitly made just this point in 1974 when he told a Senate committee that a U.S. policy advocating immediate improvement of human rights in the U.S.S.R. would pose "conditions which the present Soviet regime cannot but regard as terms of surrender and of self-liquidation."

If the trials, as many experts believe,

were intended to be a message to Carter that he cannot link human rights and the arms talks, then the future of U.S.-Soviet ties may well depend on his response. Some Administration officials insist that the trials have dealt Moscow a massive public opinion defeat. Said one of Carter's Georgians, in this good ole boy style: "The Russians really pissed in their own bucket."

But continued insistence on human rights issues might trigger a resurgence of anti-Soviet feeling in the U.S. and thus hinder progress in areas that truly involve world peace, such as arms control. A senior White House aide admitted last week that SALT might become a victim to an anti-Soviet backlash on Capitol Hill.

Such a development would be unfortunate. The success or failure of SALT should depend on the merits of the points



New Yorkers denounce Soviet trials

raised in negotiations and not on Washington's crusade for human rights. This is not to say that the U.S. should act meekly in dealing with the Russians, or that it needs to be silent about Soviet persecutions. The Administration has to choose carefully, however, when and where it wants to engage in what the senior White House official called "a pushing match." A tougher line against Soviet intervention in Africa or on the Indian Ocean's rim might serve the nation's interests more pragmatically—and better—than a belligerent stance over an issue that involves Moscow's treatment of its own citizens. In his Annapolis speech, Carter gave the U.S.S.R. the option of "confrontation or cooperation." But that choice is not Moscow's alone.

No Sudden Cloudbursts

Gromyko's View on SALT

"T^rials? What trials?" said Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko, cupping his ear as if he did not understand the reporter's question. "I don't want to speak of these things." His American counterpart, Secretary of State Cyrus Vance, when asked about the effect the trials of two Soviet dissidents would have on the scheduled Strategic Arms Limitation Talks, was more direct. Without even cupping an ear, he strode away quickly to a waiting car.

Vance knew that his two days of bargaining with Gromyko in Geneva would be sensitive. He had brought with him a message from President Carter to Soviet President Leonid Brezhnev expressing concern about the dissidents' trials. He also had a symbolic appointment to meet Avital Shcharansky, to emphasize American sympathy for her husband, Anatoli Shcharansky. But Vance vowed as before not to link the new Soviet-American controversy with the arms negotiations. When several Senators publicly urged him to postpone his trip, an unusually tense Vance replied: "The imperatives to go to Geneva now are that we are dealing with negotiations that affect the national security of our nation and the well-being of the world." There was, however, no sharing of meals or social mixing with the Soviets in Geneva last week. The atmosphere between the countries was too strained to permit the clinking of champagne glasses or the exchange of vodka toasts.

On Vance's past trips to Moscow, he noted that his hosts performed a little power play: they seated him facing the sun. So when the Soviet delegation—including Gromyko, Ambassador Anatoli Dobrynin and Veteran Interpreter Viktor Sukhodrev—arrived at the eighth-floor conference room of the U.S. SALT delegation office last Wednesday morning, Vance responded in kind. He guided the Russians to the side of the 25-ft.-long teak table that faced the windows, giving them a good view of the water-skiers cavorting on Lake Geneva, and of the sun. However, the American delegation—Vance, Ambassador Malcolm Toon, Chief Arms Negotiator Paul Warnke and others—did have to face a wall ornamented by three almost blinding LeRoy Neiman sport prints.

Vance, with a 5-in. stack of black ring-binder briefing books in front of him, opened the talks by presenting new American proposals on how to resolve the key remaining technical problem: restrictions on developing new missile systems. This would be part of a three-year protocol that



DAVID J. PHILLIPS

Vance and Gromyko talk privately on a terrace overlooking Lake Geneva

would accompany a SALT II treaty limiting levels of current offensive nuclear systems until 1985. Gromyko had proposed at the ministers' May meeting in Washington that new development be banned for the duration of the treaty, but the U.S. contended, as one delegate put it, "that was a goddam joke." The U.S. wants to maintain its greater technological capacity just as certainly as the Soviets want to restrict it.

Vance's proposal, reported TIME Correspondent Christopher Ogden, was a complex collection of new formulas and definitions for the modernization of missiles and the testing of new ones. Washington officials, pressed by SALT critics who fear that U.S. ICBMs may soon become vulnerable to increasingly accurate Soviet missiles, have been insisting on the right to develop the MX, a new, multi-warhead mobile weapon. One early plan was to mount the new missiles on railroad tracks in covered trenches so that the Russians could never know precisely

where they were. But it was found that such a rail system might itself be penetrated. Another possibility is being promoted by the Defense Department. It is a kind of shell game called MAP (multiple aiming points). For each of 200 Minuteman ICBMs there would be not one underground silo but 20, of which 19 would be empty. The 200 missiles would secretly be shuttled among the 4,000 holes, making them less liable to surprise attack. But Vance, Warnke and other diplomats do not think much of the scheme, saying the Soviets would want the same thing, and it would be hard to detect cheating. As a result, Vance discussed mobile missiles at length with Gromyko but not specifically MAP.

After a recess, with the Americans taking a long lunch in Vance's three-room suite in the Intercontinental Hotel and Gromyko taking a nap in the Soviet mission building, the SALT talks reconvened for Gromyko's three-hour response. Said one American participant: "Listening to Gromyko for an hour is like listening to

anyone else for three." Said another: "The meetings [on Wednesday] weren't negative. But the end game gets very complicated when there is not much to finish. There's very little room to maneuver."

When the SALT meeting was adjourned for the day, Vance held a private 15-minute session with Gromyko to deliver Carter's message on Shcharansky (an act considerably undercut that same day by Ambassador Andrew Young's statement that the U.S. has political prisoners). Gromyko offered little satisfaction. As he said when a reporter later asked him about the affair, "That is a question that is within the internal competence of the Soviet Union, and I have no intention of discussing it with anyone, not even you—and I hope you'll not take offense."

On Thursday the scene shifted to the neoclassical 19th century building, once the Lithuanian embassy, that is now the Soviet mission. For more than two hours Vance and Gromyko spoke privately, with only their interpreters, in a small room dominated by an oil portrait of Brezhnev. One issue that remained unresolved was the problem of the Soviets' Backfire bomber, which Moscow says should not be included in the SALT ceilings because it does not have the range at present to attack the U.S. The U.S. argues that it could be adapted for long-range use and wants written restrictions on its deployment. Vance believes this is a political problem and must be handled at the presidential level.

At the end Vance and Gromyko categorized the talks as "useful," which is one of the lowest-ranking diplomatic code words. Both declined to use the word progress. But high officials said that the Soviets appeared to be more flexible on some issues than they had been before, and that the talks could serve as a basis for narrowing the gap between the two nations. Said a senior member of the negotiating team: "The atmosphere of the talks was quite positive." Both sides presented new wrinkles to previously stated positions.

Neither side immediately accepted any of the other's proposals. "Such decisions are not taken with the suddenness of a cloudburst," Gromyko explained. He did, however, give reason to look forward to his next meeting with Vance, at the September opening of the U.N. General Assembly: "What the Secretary [Vance] said is certainly to my liking. Tension in relations between us can yield nothing but harm... The effort for peace and further détente is certainly worth the effort expended on it."

Vance agreed. Said he: "We both hope we can achieve a sound SALT agreement in the interests of both our nations this year." Added Gromyko, in English: "The sooner the better."

"Right," said Vance. But considering the state of U.S.-Soviet relations, and the building anti-Soviet mood in the U.S., later seems more likely than sooner. ■



DAVID J. PHILLIPS

Mrs. Shcharansky and Vance: symbolic sympathy for a dissident's wife
"I have no intention of discussing it," said Gromyko.

Nation

Bending over Backward

Carter tries to make friends

Skilled sharpshooters tightened their grips on telescopic-sighted rifles atop the terminal at Cologne-Bonn airport as Air Force One flew out of clear skies on its 7½-hour flight from Washington. Soldiers with submachine guns crouched behind sandbags near the runways. In Bonn itself, some 15,000 police officers, including 900 plainclothesmen, took up fixed positions or mingled with crowds. The security troops were, in fact, more numerous than any assembly of civilian spectators who turned out to see Jimmy Carter on his first presidential visit to the West German capital.

The police precautions were prompted by West Germany's concern over the possibility of some sensational new outrage by the Baader-Meinhof gang of political terrorists. Yet the tense atmosphere seemed to symbolize the fact that Carter is embroiled not only with the Soviets but also with some allies, namely the West Germans. Now he had come to attend a seven-nation economic summit conference and, coincidentally, to see if the Bonn-Washington coolness could be remedied.

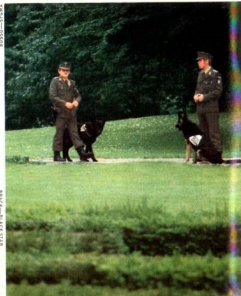
The friction dates back to Chancellor Helmut Schmidt's pronouncement shortly before the 1976 election that he wanted to see President Gerald Ford defeat Carter ("It was stupid," a chancellery aide now admits). Since then, Carter and Schmidt have wrangled over nuclear non-proliferation policy (the Germans want to sell fuel-reprocessing plants), Washington's public crusade on human rights (the Germans think it's preachy and unsophisticated) and economic policy (the Germans think Washington must cut oil im-



Carter with Chancellor Schmidt in Bonn; with President Scheel after reviewing honor guard



Below: Foreign Minister Genscher makes point to Carter, Schmidt, Vance; security is tight



ports to strengthen the dollar). Only last week, when asked about his relations with Carter in a television show, the theatrical Schmidt sighed, lifted an eyebrow and paused—gestures clearly belying his answer: “They are very good.” When Carter claimed on the eve of his trip that his schedule would not permit his acceptance of Schmidt’s invitation to dine with him at the Chancellor’s home in Hamburg, Schmidt was livid. “It’s insulting,” he told aides. “But what else could one expect, I suppose.” Calming, he asked: “Am I over-reacting?” Nobody said he was.

Despite such tensions, Schmidt made the first gesture in trying to repair relations with Carter by unexpectedly appearing at the airport to welcome him to Bonn. The Chancellor and his wife Hannelore rode with the President, Rosalynn and Amy in an armored U.S. limousine to the modest residence of U.S. Ambassador Walter Stoessel, where the Carters spent four nights. Schmidt assumed the role of gracious national host, and Carter proved a properly courteous guest.

Carter’s first full day in Bonn was a busy one. Early in the morning, Secretary of State Cyrus Vance reported at a breakfast with the President on the lack of substantial SALT II progress in his meetings at Geneva with Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko. Carter then made a courtesy call on President Walter Scheel at the white-stuccoed, 113-year-old Villa Hammerschmidt along the Rhine. In crisp Teutonic style, Scheel barked at the assembled honor guard. “Good morning, soldiers of the guard!” the troops shouted in reply. “Good morning, Mr. President.” Rosalynn and Amy went off to tour the gabled 18th century house where Ludwig van Beethoven was born and listened to Cologne Pianist Juergen Glaus play Beethoven’s 32 *Variations on an Original Theme* on the master’s own grand piano.

The serious business of the two-day state visit began when Carter and Schmidt met for three hours in Schmidt’s Chancellery, a modernistic complex surrounded by fences topped with barbed wire. The mood of the discussions was described as frank, detailed and without rancor. Both men, said one participant, “were bending over backward” to avoid friction.

Nevertheless, the predictable disagreements were evident. Schmidt argued that the U.S. must do more to stop the decline of the dollar abroad, cut back its energy consumption and control inflation. Carter said he was working hard to do just that, but contended that West Germany must do more to spur its own economy as part of the cooperative effort to stabilize international economic conditions. Carter stoutly defended his emphasis on human rights, and Schmidt now agreed with the President’s criticisms of the Soviet trials of dissidents. In general, said one Chancellery official about the talks, “there were no surprises, pleasant or unpleasant.”

On a visit to Bonn’s pink and white rococo town hall, Carter addressed a

crowd of some 4,000 people from the building’s balcony overlooking Market Place. The response was polite, rather than loud, even when Carter declared, “Our security is your security, and yours is ours. That is why the United States is increasing its commitment to NATO and will help to defend your land as if it were our own.” And in honor of Bonn’s musical hero, he ended by quoting in German a verse, written by Schiller, from Beethoven’s Ninth Symphony.

Next day, Carter and Schmidt went to inspect the power behind the U.S. commitment. They stood side by side in a Jeep as they rode down a landing strip at the Weisbaden-Erbenheim Air Base and surveyed an array of impressive military hardware: Cobra helicopters, M 109 howitzers, Leopard and M60A1 battle tanks. Carter told more than 4,000 troops, “You are the point of the Western sword.”

In the historic city of Frankfurt, more



Carter at the wall in divided Berlin

The ugliness could not be whitewashed.

than 15,000 friendly but reserved Germans gathered in front of the 15th century town hall. Carter echoed the message carried in some fashion to Germany by every President since Harry Truman: “An attack on your soil would be an attack on our soil.”

Schmidt and Carter then flew separately to Tempelhof Airport in West Berlin—the Chancellor making the point that he has the right under four-power agreements to visit the divided city. East German officials, who deny that right, responded by ordering a temporary slowdown of traffic along the autobahn through their territory into Berlin.

As expected, the ever jittery citizens

“He resisted an impish suggestion allegedly made by Gerald Rafehon, his new communications adviser, to evoke John Kennedy’s famed ‘Ich bin ein Berliner’ by declaring in Frankfurt: ‘Ich bin ein Frankfurter.’”

of West Berlin showed their appreciation of the U.S. by giving Carter a warm reception. He stirred none of the passions aroused by John Kennedy in 1963, but hundreds of thousands of Berliners lined the streets between the Platz der Luftbrücke and the Brandenburg Gate to watch him pass. At the grim wall that divides the city, Carter, Rosalynn and Amy mounted a platform along the border and looked through field glasses at the forbidding, obstacle-studded no man’s zone and at East German guards staring back. During the night, the East Germans had whitewashed about 200 yds. of the wall to cover up anti-Communist graffiti.

Carter drew on this incident to make one of his most effective answers to questions from an audience of some 1,000 people as he held one of his familiar “town meetings” at West Berlin’s “Kongresshalle.” He noted that “15 years ago when John Kennedy came here, they [the East Germans] covered the wall with a drape. Now at 2:30 a.m. the East Germans whitewashed it and tried to cover the ugly spectacle again. But I don’t think anything can hide the deprivation of human rights represented by that wall.” The audience, wearing earphones to get instant translation of his words, applauded loudly.

But, asked an elderly woman living on a pension, “how long will we have to live with the wall?” Carter scored points for candor when he replied softly, “I don’t know. I can’t give you a better answer, but that’s the truth.”

The President deftly handled a question about his attitude toward Communist political parties in Europe. He said flatly that he would “prefer that Communism would be minimal in the Western world.” But the U.S., he added, has no intention of interfering in the politics of other nations. “We trust the judgment of free people in free nations to make their own determination that Communism is not in their best interest,” he said. And the way to limit the growth of Communism, he emphasized, was “to make democracy work.” Repeatedly, Carter urged his listeners to speak up for human rights, including the right of citizens to disagree with actions of their governments. And again, he vowed: “We consider an attack on Western Europe to be the same as an attack on the U.S. Whatever happens, Berlin will remain free.”

Despite fears of some West German officials that Carter might make a gaffe in such an open forum, the town meeting showed that the President is more lucid and at ease in a conversational setting than when delivering formal speeches. From Berlin, Carter returned to Bonn, where his ability to argue persuasively across a table was to be tested in a tough forum: the two-day meeting of seven Western leaders seeking ways to stabilize the world economy. And if, after the Berlin visit, Helmut Schmidt was not yet Carter’s warmest friend, he could hardly help having been impressed by his tireless guest.

The Presidency/Hugh Sidey

The Politics of Amazing Grace



Official portrait, 1977

Most modern summit meetings have been meticulously prepackaged: speeches composed, "spontaneous" encounters with the natives scheduled, communiqués trumpeting the arrival of a new era of understanding and cooperation written, edited, mimeographed, stapled and flown to the conference site ahead of time, along with the Presidential Seal and the First Lady's hairdresser.

So it probably should have been anticipated that the practitioners of such a vital art form would finally do what they did last week and proclaim several days before Jimmy Carter left for Germany that the Bonn economic summit was, in effect, over—and it was a wash-out. From the White House, which last week issued a new official portrait that it hoped would look more "presidential" than last year's photo, came willing explanations for the predestined disappointment—Congress re-

fused to support Carter, the American economy chose the wrong season to inflate, the New York Times-CBS thoughtlessly polled the people about their confidence, and the Soviet Union decided to act as mean and strong as it really is.

This all would be laughable if it weren't so important. The Bonn agenda may be relatively meaningless, but the drama of Jimmy Carter on the world stage is critical. The measure of the competence of the American President has become about as significant an aftermath of the summit as anything else.

The jet plane made summitry casual. Summitry has personalized diplomacy, settled more responsibility on the men and women at the top. "At that level, decisions are all personal," former Secretary of State Henry Kissinger once said. "And how they are made and who makes them does make a difference." By one globetrotting diplomat's count, Carter went to Bonn with real support only from Britain's Prime Minister Callaghan. The sentiment of the other five ranged from doubt to contempt.

The members of that summit fraternity enjoy belittling one another, albeit nicely. But politicians and technicians at lower levels generally try to avoid personalities and look at inexorable global forces and bureaucratic intractability as the ingredients of most trouble. And even that is now changing in Washington. One after another of these foreign policy specialists last week in private asked the question: How much of the current diplomatic neurosis, and the U.S.-Soviet hostility that lies at its core, has been brought about by Jimmy Carter's singular view of how to improve the world and his fellow man?

There is no easy answer. But at least one courageous writer, Thomas Hughes, president of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, has put in print what many are thinking but do not want to say. Hughes suggests, in short, that something he calls the "pentecostal presidency" or the "commencement-day view of society" or the "politics of amazing grace" is faltering. The reluctance to discuss the issue stems from the fact that it deals with Jimmy Carter's spirituality, a dimension of the man that in almost all other ways is considered commendable. Even Kissinger, a man not given to flattery, has said that Carter's broad consideration of individual events frequently "is intelligent, prudent and good." At the other end of the scale, almost everyone attests to his mastery of detail. The middle ground seems to be the area of trouble. Carter moralizes when he should calculate and manage, he preaches when he should devise a strategy based on reality. Diplomats claim that Carter cannot see the relationships between events. Politicians claim he misses the psychological impact of his actions.

An old diplomatic rule is that objectives must be firmly based on one's power and ability to achieve them. Jimmy Carter's lofty world of words and godly intentions has involved him in a human rights campaign that is portraying the U.S. as a bully to small nations and furnishing an arena for the Soviet Union to demonstrate its strength.

A while back, after Carter had surprised people by postponing production of the neutron bomb, a White House staffer was asked how he had reached such a decision. "On his knees," was the answer. There may be more truth—and trouble—in that than we realized.



New official portrait

Final Reckoning

A House probe's meager results

After 22 months of investigating Korean Rice Broker Tongson Park's influence peddling on Capitol Hill from 1967 to 1976, the House Ethics Committee last week took the first step toward punishing sitting Congressmen for wrongdoing. It voted to begin disciplinary proceedings against four Democrats:

► John McFall, 60, of California, majority whip from 1973 to 1977, for not reporting to the House clerk \$4,000 in contributions from Park and for making personal use of the funds.

► Edward Patten, 72, of New Jersey, for contributing \$1,000 of Park's money to the Middlesex County Democratic Committee and saying it came from him.

► Edward Roybal, 62, for not reporting a \$1,000 cash gift from Park, converting it to his personal use and lying about it.



California Congressman John McFall

The next step is tantamount to a trial.

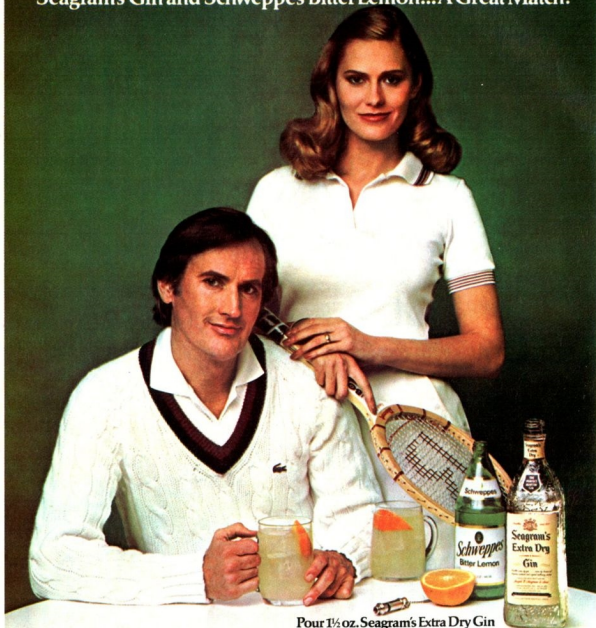
► Charles Wilson, 61, of California, for lying to the committee in claiming that he had not received anything worth more than \$100 since Jan. 1, 1970, when he had accepted \$1,000 from Park in 1975.

The committee cleared eight other Congressmen of misconduct, including House Speaker Tip O'Neill and Majority Whip John Brademas. O'Neill allowed Park to throw two birthday parties for him at a cost of about \$7,500; Brademas accepted \$2,950. Nonetheless, the committee found that neither had violated any laws or House rules. The report wound up the House investigation for the most part, and the results seemed likely to gall Republican critics. The next step is for the committee to schedule a hearing tantamount to a trial. If the four Congressmen, who deny any wrongdoing, are found guilty, the House will set punishments, ranging from reprimands to expulsion. ■

*Former Congressman Otto Passman of Louisiana faces trial on charges of accepting \$200,000 from Park. Former Congressman Richard Hanna of California, who also received \$200,000 from Park, is serving a 30-month prison sentence.

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New Furor over an Old Informant

Did he commit murder and provoke violence?

Gary Thomas Rowe Jr. was one of the most mysterious figures in the civil rights protests of the 1960s. A ne'er-do-well and braggart, he drifted from job to job, working as an ambulance driver, bartender and nightclub bouncer. But he also was the FBI's most important informant on the Ku Klux Klan's violent activities in Alabama. Rowe provided the bureau with information on the Klansmen's beating of black Freedom Riders at a Birmingham bus depot in 1961. He tipped off agents about a bomb shortly before it went off at a Birmingham church, killing four young black girls in 1963. His testimony sent two Klansmen to prison in connection with the murder near Selma, Ala., of Viola Liuzzo, a white civil rights activist from Detroit, in 1965. Then, to protect Rowe from Klansmen's revenge, the Justice Department gave him a different identity and helped him make a new life at an undisclosed location in the Southeast.

Last week the name of Gary Thomas Rowe Jr., now 47, emerged again at the center of a new controversy over his role as an FBI informant. Birmingham police and state investigators leaked information to reporters that depicted Rowe as an *agent provocateur*. Rowe may actually have helped the Klansmen plan the acts of violence that he later reported to the FBI. Moreover, Rowe admitted that he participated in the violence, and he may even have committed murder while on the FBI's payroll.

State investigators questioned Rowe again about the bombing and had him take two lie-detector tests last fall. He flunked both of them. Just why he failed is in dispute. Some Birmingham detectives now suspect that he was with the Klansmen who planted the bomb. State investigators think Rowe may only have been withholding key information about the crime from interrogators.

While Rowe was talking to state investigators, he suddenly changed the subject and claimed that he had shot and killed a black man during a night of racial rioting in Birmingham in 1963. Rowe said he reported the killing to FBI Agent Byron McFall and was told to "forget it." McFall has denied the allegation. Police have no record of the killing, but they do not rule out the possibility that it may have occurred.

In the third puzzling revelation of the week, Birmingham detectives disclosed that they had also questioned about the bombing two former Klan members: Colie Leroy Wilkins Jr., 33, and Eugene Thomas, 54, who served ten years in prison for their part in the Liuzzo killing. They too wanted to switch the subject, to the Liuzzo shooting. For the first time, they claimed that Rowe killed the woman. Rowe has admitted being present at the murder, but insists that he only pro-



Rowe answering Senators' questions (1975)
An FBI order to seduce Klansmen's wives?

tended to shoot a pistol at her, while Wilkins fired the fatal shot. But Wilkins and Thomas waited for twelve years before giving their account to police, and some officers believe they are only trying to get even with Rowe for testifying against them at their trial.

In Washington, FBI officials were alarmed by the allegations about Rowe. Some FBI critics have argued for years that the bureau's system of paying informants encourages them to provoke more crimes than they prevent. In Rowe's case, he started out in 1959 earning an occasional \$20 from the FBI for tidbits of information. But at his peak he was paid a steady \$300 a month. Rowe testified before a Senate committee investigating FBI undercover agents in 1975, while wearing a hood to disguise his new identity. He told the Senators then that FBI agents had approved his participation in the Klans-

men's beating of Freedom Riders in Birmingham and had even ordered him to seduce Klansmen's wives in an effort to cause disunity in the KKK's ranks.

Last week Justice Department officials immediately attacked Rowe's credibility and theorized that he was only out to promote a TV version of his 1976 autobiography, *My Undercover Years with the Ku Klux Klan*. The film, *The Freedom Riders*, stars former Dallas Cowboys Quarterback Don Meredith as Rowe, and will be completed within three weeks. But NBC has not yet decided when it will be aired. Said one Justice Department official of the controversy over Rowe: "It's unadulterated crap, all of it. He didn't shoot Liuzzo. He didn't kill a black. He didn't bomb the church."

At first the FBI's only official response was a written statement maintaining that McFall, who oversaw Rowe's undercover activities, constantly advised him "to avoid violence." The statement conflicted somewhat with McFall's own testimony to the Senate committee in 1975. At that time, he said of Rowe: "If he happened to be with some Klansmen and they decided to do something, he couldn't be an angel and [still] be a good informant."

Finally, the Justice Department was prodded into action last week by two members of the Senate Judiciary Committee, Democrats Edward Kennedy of Massachusetts and James Abourezk of South Dakota. They wrote a letter to Deputy Attorney General Benjamin Civiletti, reminding him that the committee was drafting new rules of conduct for FBI agents and was "intensely interested" in the controversy about Rowe.

Civiletti ordered two separate investigations: one by the internal watchdog unit that oversees FBI activities and a second by the Justice Department's criminal division. It immediately dispatched investigators to Birmingham to begin learning the truth about the mysterious Gary Thomas Rowe.



Church in Birmingham after a bomb exploded, killing four girls (1963)

Said FBI Agent McFall: "He couldn't be an angel and [still] be a good informant."

Nation



Helen Milliken and other ERA supporters meeting with Congressman Harold Sawyer

A Festive Rally for the ERA

Then a day of lobbying to change Congressmen's minds

Alice Paul, the founder of the National Woman's Party, and 5,000 fellow suffragists grimly marched down Washington's Pennsylvania Avenue one day in 1913, demanding the right to vote. They were stopped in front of the National Archives Building by a mob of angry bystanders who slapped them, spit on them and burned them with lighted cigars.

Last week 65,000 supporters of the Equal Rights Amendment, most of them women, retraced the steps of that historic march. This time the mood was festive: marching to spirited calypso music, the amendment's supporters joyfully waved banners and shouted slogans.

It was the largest rally ever held for women's rights, and its purpose was to urge Congressmen to extend the March 22, 1979, deadline for ratification of ERA. Without an extension, most supporters fear, the amendment will die, three states short of the 38 needed for ratification. They argue that since the Constitution sets no time limit on the ratification of amendments, the seven-year deadline set by Congress in 1972 for ERA is arbitrary and unfair.

ERA's supporters gathered with a strong sense of urgency. One Philadelphia woman had organized a caravan of 51 buses carrying 2,200 people; another brought four generations of her family, including her 70-year-old mother, three daughters and an 18-month-old granddaughter.

The following day about 2,000 of the marchers stayed to lobby House Judiciary Committee members, who must first approve the extension bill before it can be sent to the House floor for action. Many of them found it a frustrating experience. When 100 ERA supporters confronted New York Republican Hamilton Fish Jr.,

for instance, he said he had to do more research on whether extending the deadline would be constitutional. He added: "I have to put the Constitution of the United States ahead of any group's goals." Replied Carol Sharnoff of Long Island, N.Y.: "I'm outraged by what's going on here. If the experts can't give you an answer [on the constitutional question], look to the people of this country, and we'll give you an answer."

A group of men and women also called on Republican Senator Richard Schweiker of Pennsylvania. He was not in the office, so the visitors replied that they would wait until he returned. When a male aide tried to soothe them, Barbara Evans-Crawford, president of the Pittsburgh Council for Women's Rights, shot back: "Don't you dare tell me you know how I feel. You were born with rights I have been working for for ten years." Schweiker did not show up, and the group finally left.

But there also was some good news for the lobbyists: a message of support from President Carter, who called ERA "a bedrock" of opportunity for women and minorities. It was also reported that during an hour-long phone call, Betty Ford had persuaded a member of the House Judiciary Committee, Republican Harold Sawyer of Michigan, not to block the bill. Led by Helen Milliken, wife of Michigan's Governor, a group of ERA supporters later met with Sawyer to congratulate him on his decision.

All week the committee's lineup on the extension bill seesawed back and forth. The vote is scheduled for this week, and whatever the outcome, the measure will probably win or lose by only one or two votes. ■

Psst! Wanna Good Job?

Scandal startles Miami

Federal funds account for most of the \$1.3 million that is spent each year by Miami's Edison-Little River Council on programs for the unemployed and disadvantaged. But when Dade County investigators checked up on how Council President Nathaniel Dean was actually using all that money, they found evidence that he had diverted \$22,000 for the use of a gasoline station that he owns. He also made an undetermined number of interest-free loans to his various relatives. He employed a staff psychologist at the council who had no degree in psychology and whose home address turned out to be a vacant lot. In addition, Dean spent \$300,000 on a farm worker project in which no trainees ever served, and paid for farm machinery that was nowhere to be found.

Acting on this evidence a Dade County grand jury is expected to indict him and at least two other council executives by the end of this month. Subsequent probes by city and county investigators have turned up dozens of other examples of questionable activities in the \$92.5 million-a-year South Florida jobs program, which is jointly administered by officials from Dade and Monroe counties and the cities of Hialeah, Miami and Miami Beach, and financed by the federal Comprehensive Employment and Training Act (CETA).

Founded in 1973 and instructed by Congress to decentralize the federal manpower training programs, CETA has grown rapidly and is now the Government's chief program for fighting unemployment. The agency's 1978 budget is about \$12 billion—almost three times the amount spent for the War on Poverty at its peak in the 1960s. Partly because of loose federal supervision, there have been several scandals involving CETA funds, notably in Chicago, Cleveland, Denver and New Orleans.

But nowhere have there been more flagrant cases of nepotism, patronage and mismanagement in CETA-financed activities, which are supposed to benefit only the poor, than in South Florida. Some examples:

► John Clark, 22, the son of Miami City Commissioner Stephen Clark, held a \$4.18-an-hour CETA job as a laborer for the parks department. Another son, Paul Clark, 18, was enrolled in a six-month diesel mechanic's training program (upon graduation, he got a \$4.80-an-hour job washing buses at CETA's expense). Also on the CETA payroll was Commissioner Clark's estranged wife, Faye, who drew \$4.80 an hour as a social worker for the Dade County Association for Retarded Citizens.

► Watergate Burglar Bernard Barker held a \$10,000-a-year CETA job as a sanitation inspector, which he got on the recommendation of Miami City Commissioner Manolo Reboso. CETA also paid half of his tuition as an engineering student at Florida International University. CETA pays Barker's ex-wife Clara \$14,000 a year as a clerk-typist and his present wife Maria \$12,500 a year as a city sanitation inspector. Says Barker: "I think it is a wonderful program."

► Margarita Ross, whose husband heads a Coral Gables engineering firm, was paid \$14,200 a year, largely from CETA funds, as Miami's "cultural experiences coordinator." Mrs. Ross was apparently well connected: she is a former partner in a downtown art gallery with the wife of Miami Mayor Maurice Ferre.

Ferre says he sees nothing wrong with politicians helping friends obtain CETA jobs. Says he: "It's just incongruous to conceive that elected officials aren't going to recommend people they have a high regard for." But spokesmen for Miami's poor complain that the program is being turned into a hiring hall for the middle class. Says Urban League Director T. Willard Fair: "The chronic unemployed are being left out of the system." Indeed, Fair's own \$189,000 CETA job-training program is being investigated—for spending money on training programs for long-time employees who were already skilled in their jobs.

South Florida officials insist that abuses involve only a small fraction of the more than 21,000 people who are now holding CETA jobs. Says Miami Department of Human Resources Director Robert Krause: "In any massive program, it is inevitable that administrative errors will be made." He argues that too much attention is being paid to the cases of abuse. Says Krause: "There is a tradition of corruption in Miami, so people expect to find it."

After calling some 800 witnesses and studying 29 local CETA efforts, the Dade County grand jury cited testimony indicating that the South Florida program "felt itself politically obligated to respond favorably to numerous requests from officials of county government." Adds Assistant State Attorney Thomas Petersen: "There was all this money for all these programs, but no one had time to plan or evaluate them. The wrong people ended up benefiting."

So far, 21 people have been fired from their CETA jobs in South Florida as ineligible for the program and another 14 are being investigated for fraud. The Department of Labor recently ordered a team of investigators to begin auditing the entire South Florida program. But while its problems are serious, the program is surely not the only one of CETA's 2,800 local projects afflicted by mismanagement. Says a Labor Department official with a sigh: "It would take an army, everybody in the department, to check on each of them."

Grasshopper Invasion

Unless they are stopped, they may cost farmers millions

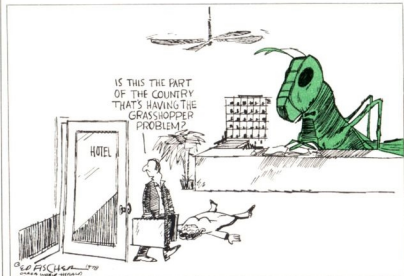
"They are like a scattered army—you can't shoot them all." So said Farmer Ivan Josserand of Stanton County in western Kansas last week, as he fought a losing battle against swarms of grasshoppers chewing up his alfalfa and corn fields. In Nebraska, Scotts Bluff County Agent Monte Hendricks counted up to 50 hoppers per sq. yd., five times the number usually considered to be disastrous. Said he: "On the fringes of some bean fields there is nothing left but stubs."

Throughout the Great Plains, hordes of grasshoppers were on the move last week, threatening millions of acres of crops and rangeland in eastern Colorado, Kansas, Nebraska and Oklahoma. It

and made \$500,000 in state funds available for spraying. The Colorado legislature, called into special session last week by Governor Richard D. Lamm, voted \$2 million for emergency treatment of fields.

If conventional pesticides cannot stop the invasion, the Environmental Protection Agency in Washington will consider permitting the states to use the banned poison heptachlor. It is extremely effective against grasshoppers, but researchers suspect it of causing cancer in animals. By law, the EPA can approve use of heptachlor only after public hearings, a process that usually takes more than 30 days.

But entomologists warned that the



was the worst infestation since 1958, when billions of the pests caused \$60 million in losses to Colorado farmers alone. Agricultural experts were not yet able to estimate the current damage but reckoned that total losses would run into millions of dollars. Farmers reported that up to 20% of some crops had been destroyed. Said a Department of Agriculture spokesman: "The hoppers eat everything in sight. Already we're hearing those old stories about them chomping off pitchfork handles, leaving only the tines."

Why the sudden infestation? According to entomologists, last year's drought killed wasps, robber flies and other predators that regularly dine on grasshoppers and their eggs. Then a moderately moist winter kept the eggs that were laid last fall from drying out, and a mild spring provided plenty of nourishing vegetation. Thus a vast progeny of grasshoppers was born.

To fight the pests, Governor J. James Exon declared Nebraska a disaster area

and grasshoppers will begin laying eggs within two weeks, raising the danger of a more serious infestation next year. Said Farmer Darrell Seuffer of Prowers County, Colo.: "We're supposed to be smarter than the grasshoppers. If we get them now, they won't get ahead of us."

In central Maine, people were fighting a different kind of insect infestation. For years poultry farmers in the area encouraged the proliferation of lesser mealworm beetles in manure pits, mistakenly believing they would hasten the chemical breakdown of the wastes into fertilizer. The tiny black creatures have thrived on partly digested grain in the manure, and this year their numbers have suddenly got out of control. At night, they seek shelter in farmhouses, boring holes in the walls and hiding in bedding and curtains. The only way to combat them is with brooms and vacuum cleaners. Says Mrs. James Dow Jr. of Turner: "I vacuum piles of beetles every day and toss them into my wood stove."

The Shy Philanthropist

John Davison Rockefeller 3rd, 1906-1978

On one of his trips to Washington to call on President Lyndon Johnson, John D. Rockefeller 3rd flew tourist class and did not ask to be met by a limousine. But it was raining at the airport and no cabs were in sight. So Rockefeller rented the only vehicle available and rode to the White House as the sole passenger of a sightseeing bus. Not recognizing him, a White House official asked for his name. "John Rockefeller," he replied softly, not bothering to use his distinctive middle initial. Only after several more questions did the official realize that the tall, gaunt man before him was the senior brother of one of the nation's most powerful families.

The shyest and most unpretentious of the five grandsons* of the magnate who founded Standard Oil and created one of America's largest fortunes, John Davison Rockefeller 3rd always tried to stay in the background. While his brothers pursued more public careers, he devoted himself full time to the family's philanthropies, which annually donate millions to promote social welfare, health care, the arts and education around the world.

Although he shared in the family wealth, estimated at \$1.5 billion, he spurned most of its superficial trappings. "He held out for a simple, sensible kind of life," said Blanchette, his wife of 45 years. Five days a week, he walked or took the crosstown bus from his apartment to his office in Manhattan; on weekends at his country estate twelve miles north of the city, he relaxed by trimming the rose bushes or chopping firewood.

Last week, after spending the day on the estate, he got a lift to the local train station with his secretary in her 1965 Mustang. As they rounded a curve, they collided head-on with a car driven by a 16-year-old boy. Rockefeller, 72, and the boy were killed instantly; the secretary and a woman in a third car were injured. The accident occurred only a mile from the 3,200-acre family estate in Pocantico Hills, N.Y., that was the childhood home of John and his brothers.

As the first-born son, John especially felt the burden of his grandfather's admonition that wealth is "a gift of God to be developed and used to the best of our abil-



Happy, Nelson and David Rockefeller after the memorial service

Following his grandfather's advice to use wealth "for the good of mankind."

ity for the good of mankind." After graduating from Princeton in 1929, he dutifully went to work at his father's office. "My father had the idea that his sons would follow the same pattern he had," he once explained. The son eventually became a trustee of the Rockefeller Foundation and of Rockefeller Center, the family's huge real estate complex in Manhattan. He also oversaw the family's \$50 million restoration of colonial Williamsburg in Virginia. At one time, he was a trustee or director of some 30 educational and charitable organizations, most of them heavily financed by the Rockefellers.

In 1951, in what Rockefeller called "a major step outside the family orbit," he served as a cultural consultant to John Foster Dulles during negotiations in Tokyo on the peace treaty between the

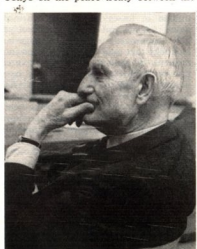
U.S. and Japan. That experience, and his subsequent travels through Asia, convinced Rockefeller that population growth had to be limited if underdeveloped countries were ever to achieve political stability. When the Rockefeller Foundation board rejected this idea as too radical, he used his own funds to set up the Population Council, which conducts research in family planning. At a dinner honoring him and his four brothers, he once said: "If my parents had been exposed to today's ideas of family planning, my brothers Win and David might not have made it." Typically, before delivering that line, he had spent a day agonizing over whether it was in good taste.

The Dulles mission inspired Rockefeller's deep interest in Asia as well. He revitalized the moribund

Japan Society and established the Asia Society, the International House of Japan and the India International Center—organizations all devoted to fostering cultural and educational exchanges between East and West. As mementos of his trips to Asia, Rockefeller began a collection of Asian art, worth an estimated \$15 million. Said his artistic adviser, Sherman Lee, director of the Cleveland Museum of Art: "He was very moved by certain images, especially the Buddhas—the serene, contemplative figures." Rockefeller bequeathed his art to the Asia Society.

Rockefeller's biggest cultural legacy, however, is New York City's Lincoln Center. Originally promising only to serve on an exploratory committee for a new music hall, he became increasingly involved in the project. Made chairman in 1960, he spent nearly 13 years overseeing negotiations with artists, architects and government officials. When the cost of the complex rose from the original estimate of \$75 million to \$185 million, he covered the deficit through appeals for funds and a personal gift of \$10 million.

At last week's memorial service in Manhattan's Riverside Church, the eulogy was delivered by Rockefeller's only son Jay, who is Governor of West Virginia. Said he: "He endures in what he stood for, in what he did, in the inspiration and guidance he has given us. Let me say to you, my father, that you helped shape a country and a world in your own quiet way. You have set a standard for our family and for each of us as individuals. Let me say to you that we are strong and we are ready to carry that standard forward; that we know and accept our responsibility. Rest in peace. You have blessed and touched this world in good ways that will last forever."



Rockefeller in a reflective mood

Holding out for a simple kind of life.

*The others: former Vice President Nelson, 70; Conservationist Laurance, 68; Banker David, 63; and former Governor of Arkansas Winthrop, who died in 1973.

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G-Man Blues

Elvis wanted to help

Elvis Presley's admirers always thought of him as the King, a proud and wayward spirit in those white suits and sequins. Now it turns out that he had second thoughts about his wiggly getups and secretly yearned to be an informant for the FBI.

According to an FBI internal memo released last week, Presley showed up at FBI headquarters when he visited Washington in 1970 and offered his services. Elvis, according to Research Chief M.A. Jones, who spoke with him, was peeved

at the Beatles for their "filthy, unkempt appearance and suggestive music." Jones further quoted him as saying that "the Smothers Brothers, Jane Fonda and other persons in the entertainment industry of their ilk have a lot to answer for in the hereafter for the way they have poisoned young minds by disparaging the United States in public statements and unsavory activities."

Jones reported that Presley was occasionally "approached by individuals and groups in and outside of the entertainment business whose motives and goals he is convinced are not in the best interests of this country." If the FBI ever needed his services, the memo reported, it could reach him under the pseudonym

of Col. Jon Burrows, 3764 Highway 51 South, Memphis, Tenn. Telephone EX 7-4427.

Presley wanted to meet FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover, who loathed long-haired types. "Presley stated," the memo went on, "that his long hair and unusual apparel were merely tools of his trade and afforded him access to and rapport with many people." Jones wrote to his superiors, however, that "Presley's sincerity and good intentions notwithstanding, he is certainly not the type of individual whom the director would wish to meet." Hoover never did agree to see Presley. Instead, he wrote the singer a letter saying that he would "keep in mind your offer to be of assistance."

Americana

About Non-Smokers' Rights

Like Emerson and Thoreau, his predecessors in the proud Massachusetts town of Concord, John McAward stands up for his rights.

Checking in at Boston's Logan Airport for a flight to New York City, McAward was told there were no available seats in the nonsmoking section. He had a right to such a seat, he insisted, so the gate agent allowed him on board to see if some arrangement could be worked out. As the plane started taxiing down the runway, McAward took a seat on the tobacco side of the SMOKING/NO SMOKING sign and asked a flight attendant to move the sign. No way, said the smokers already seated on that row. So McAward got up



and headed for the cockpit. A flight attendant told him not to stand while the plane was moving down the runway, but McAward refused to take a violation of his rights sitting down.

The plane returned to the terminal, and McAward was ordered off. "The only way I'm leaving is if you place me under arrest," he said. The airline obliged and called the state police. McAward told the judge: "I felt I was entitled to what the Federal Government says I'm entitled to—a nonsmoking seat." But the judge fined him \$250 for interfering with a flight crew.



About Cats' Rights

Mary Lynch of Eagan, Minn., used to have a pet white rabbit. Her neighbor, Tim Wilson, used to have a pet black cat. One day Cootus the cat crept out, confronted the rabbit, and, according to Lynch, the bunny died of fright. Lynch called the animal warden, and the cat was soon incarcerated at the local police station, where it hissed at its captors. Three hours after catching the cat, the cops carried it off to a firing range and dispatched it with a shotgun.

Wilson sued the police, and the court ruled in his favor, for there is an ordinance that animals have to be held five days before being disposed of. It awarded Wilson \$40 for his cat plus \$5,000 in punitive damages, thus teaching the police that there is more than one way to kill a cat.

About the Right to Dream

For Charles Walsh, 54, it was the computer-age equivalent of the BANK ERROR IN YOUR FAVOR card in Monopoly: the Commercial Trust Co. of Jersey City mistakenly notified him that \$100,000 had been credited to his account. A bachelor who eked out a living buying and selling coins, Walsh quietly withdrew the money and set out to pursue his modest version of the American dream.

He bought a new car—not a Rolls-Royce but a Ford LTD—and headed west. He stopped in Las Vegas and lost

some money gambling, but just a modest amount. He drifted on to Oregon, and when he was picked up in Portland, he still had \$88,000 left. Said one cop: "A guy who has lived modestly all his life doesn't suddenly become Mr. Big Spender."

Walsh has decided that if he can't beat the system, he should join it: enrolled in a program for first offenders that could lead to dismissal of the charges, he has applied for welfare and may get it.

About the Right to Free Air

Ever since the pay toilet was banned by the New York State legislature last year, Nik-O-Lok Co. of Indianapolis, which markets the device and collects some 25% of the revenue, has been working to regain its lost business. One solution: a device that enables gas stations to charge 25¢ for the use of an air hose to pump up a tire. Said Nik-O-Lok Manager Martin Miller: "If you think air is free, try blowing up a tire with your mouth."

Last week the counter-counterrevolution began. The town board of Hempstead, L.I., unanimously banned pay air from the town's 500 stations. Said Presiding Supervisor Alphonse D'Amato: "Free air is almost a tradition in America. I don't think there is a place in the capitalist system to charge for air."



World

SOVIET UNION / COVER STORY

The Shcharansky Trial

A convicted dissident becomes the symbol of U.S.-Soviet tension

There can be no doubt that behind all the actions of this court of justice, that is to say in my case, behind my arrest and today's interrogation, there is a great organization at work.

—Franz Kafka, *The Trial*

He was, until 18 months ago, virtually unknown—an unemployed Jewish computer programmer on the fringes of the Soviet Union's human rights movement in Moscow. Then the Kremlin leaders decided to crush, once and for all, the flickering life signs of dissidence in the U.S.S.R. That is how last week, Anatoli Shcharansky became the symbol of deteriorating U.S.-Soviet relations, the object of confrontation politics between the Kremlin and the White House, and the personification of the struggle for human rights being waged by the Soviet Union's dogged dissidents. Put on trial for treason in Moscow, he was speedily convicted and sentenced to 13 years in prison and a hard-labor camp. The accusation: spying for a foreign intelligence service that was obviously, though it was not explicitly stated, the CIA. Although President Carter had categorically denied the charge, Washington—for humanitarian reasons—was exploring the possibility of exchanging two Russian spies arrested in New Jersey for Shcharansky.

Although Shcharansky, 30, had been spared the death penalty, his trial and conviction raised questions around the world about the benefits of Carter's zealous espousal of the human rights cause in the Soviet Union. But at the end of the trial, Shcharansky's mother, Ida Milgrom, 70, indicated that Russia's dissidents are thankful for Carter's support. Although shaken by the predictable verdict, the diminutive white-haired woman stood outside the Moscow courtroom in a light summer rain and read a message to Carter before Western correspondents: "During the painful days of the trial I have not left the iron fence around the courthouse. I faced a thick wall of KGB and militia officials in the hope of catching sight of my child from afar. All these days I could hear your sincere authoritative voice in support of an innocent man. Accept, Mr. Presi-

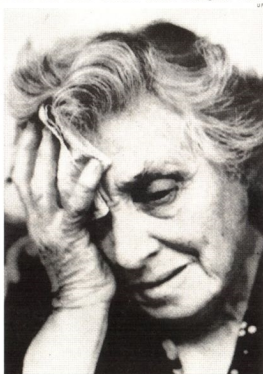
dent, our deep and sincere gratitude."

Throughout the Western world, there was a storm of protest directed against the Shcharansky trial and the court cases conducted simultaneously against two other human rights activists: Alexander Ginzburg and Viktoras Pektus. They also were found guilty last week and sentenced respectively to eight and ten years. In Britain, Prime Minister James Callaghan

embassy asking for the release of Shcharansky and Ginzburg and an end to all "repressive acts" against them. The next day the French capital was treated to the surprising spectacle of a mass demonstration on the dissidents' behalf that brought together French Communist officials and Jewish groups, such as the Youths for Zionism. Arms linked, they marched through the street to the rhythmic chant

of "KGB equals Gestapo" and "Socialism, yes—Gulag, no."

The ordeal of Shcharansky, who had repeatedly been denied permission to emigrate to Israel, was compelling evidence of Soviet efforts to put down Jewish dissidence and of the persistence of traditional anti-Semitism. Together, though, the three trials revealed the Kremlin's increasing alarm over the growth of libertarian movements among the Soviet Union's other ethnic minorities and religious groups. It was hardly a coincidence that all three men tried last week were members of unofficial Helsinki Watch Committees that had been formed to monitor Soviet compliance with the human rights provisions of the 1975 Helsinki agreements. Such groups, which have sprung up in the Baltic states, the Ukraine and Georgia, as well as in Moscow, have served as umbrella organizations, sheltering disparate dissident groups under the aegis of human rights. Shcharansky was simultaneously an advocate of the Jewish struggle for free emigration and of various ethnic groups that seek to reform Soviet society from the inside. (Jews are the only national group that has been allowed to emigrate abroad in substantial numbers, on the ground that their homeland is Israel.) Ginz-



Shcharansky's mother outside courthouse after the verdict

An expression of gratitude for an authoritative voice.

burg was not only an active Helsinki committee member but also a champion of the Soviet Union's estimated 10,000 political prisoners. Pektus, a longtime Roman Catholic activist in his native Lithuania, represented both the religious and national aspirations of Russian-dominated minorities inside the U.S.S.R.

The setting was more reminiscent of Franz Kafka than of Karl Marx. Shcharansky's trial took place in an unprepossessing three-story courthouse on Moscow's Serebrennichiye Pereulok, a quiet back street about a mile from the Krem-

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Anatoli Shcharansky in his Moscow apartment on the day before his arrest last March

show their sympathy for Shcharansky. They were Alexander Lerner, the former head of a cybernetics institute, and Veniamin Levich, one of the world's leading physical chemists. Both men were fired from their posts for seeking to emigrate to Israel. Near by stood Yelena Bonner Sakharov, one of the few members of the Moscow Helsinki Watch Committee who have not been arrested or deported, and her husband Andrei Sakharov, the Nobel-prizewinning physicist and human rights advocate.

A guilty verdict has been a foregone conclusion since March 1977, when the government newspaper *Izvestiya*—just before Shcharansky's arrest—accused him of spying for the CIA. According to Shcharansky's brother Leonid, who was admitted to the courtroom, the defendant's first action was to dismiss the lawyer who had been assigned to him by the KGB in place of the attorney he had requested and been denied. Conducting his own defense, Shcharansky made a one-hour opening statement to the presiding



During her lonely five-day vigil, Shcharansky's mother, Ida Milgrom, walks past a line of curious and would-be spectators

lin. Although the trial was billed as "open" by Soviet authorities, gray-uniformed militiamen and civilian volunteer policemen stood behind iron barriers, blocking entry to the courtroom to all but a specially selected few. Pleading vainly to be let through was Shcharansky's mother, who may never see her son again. She wept openly, saying, "Not to be allowed into the courtroom is a mockery of a mother; it is sadistic torture."

Among those at the barricades were a number of Western journalists and diplomats, including Second Secretary Raymond F. Smith, who was sent by the U.S. embassy as an observer but was refused admission. Also gathered outside were about 50 activists and other supporters of Shcharansky. One was an old friend, Irina Orlov, wife of Physicist Yuri Orlov, who was sentenced to twelve years last May for having founded the first Helsinki Watch Committee. Two of the Soviet Union's best-known "refuseniks," who have been denied visas to Israel, came to



Court official at press briefing
A sign of the trial's importance.

judge and two lay assessors who constituted a jury. During the five-day trial, his brother later reported, Shcharansky was frequently interrupted by the judge, prohibited from calling defense witnesses and forbidden to question government witnesses.

The Soviets clearly attached considerable importance to the trial; twice a day a court official held unprecedented press conferences for Western correspondents. According to the briefings, Shcharansky was charged with turning over to the West "classified data on the location, staffing and role of a large number of defense-industry installations." Specifically, he was accused of providing scientific secrets to a Western military-service agent masquerading as a journalist.

The alleged agent was Robert Toth, 49, the Los Angeles *Times's* bureau chief in Moscow between 1974 and 1977 and now a member of the newspaper's Washington bureau. Like many other American correspondents in the Soviet Union,



Avital Shcharansky at press conference
Ginzburg's wife Irina, and Sakharov



World

Toth, whose knowledge of Russian is limited, had several times used Shcharansky to contact Jewish refuseniks—many of whom have been barred from emigration because they are scientists. Shcharansky, whose English is excellent, acted as an unofficial public relations man for his fellow Jewish activists, as well as for members of the Moscow Helsinki Watch Committee, which he had helped found.

At the time Shcharansky seemed an improbable candidate for the historic role he was destined to play. His father was a Communist Party member in the Ukraine who worked for a time on a party newspaper. A chess enthusiast, Anatoli had a talent for mathematics that led him to study computer programming at the Moscow Physical-Technical Institute. When he applied for a visa to go to Israel, he was refused on the ground that he had been privy to state secrets while working for an oil and gas company that promptly fired him. His fiancée Natalya Stiglitz, who had applied to leave with him, received her visa. They decided to marry before she left for Israel to wait for him. Natalya, who has since adopted a Hebrew name, Avital, is still waiting.

Shcharansky's widespread contacts with foreign journalists proved to be his downfall. Anxious to cut off the dissidents' opportunities of gaining publicity for their cause in the West, the Soviets arrested Toth on a Moscow street last June as a Soviet scientist handed him a paper on a seemingly harmless topic, parapsychology. During four menacing interrogations, Toth was repeatedly asked about his meetings with Shcharansky; he strongly denied receiving any sensitive scientific material from Shcharansky. Before his release from prison, Toth was obliged to sign a protocol, or transcript of his interrogation, whose accuracy he could not verify because it was written in Russian. Last week the protocol was produced in court as evidence that Shcharansky had passed defense secrets to Toth.

One of the prosecution witnesses was Dr. Sanya Lipavsky, a KGB agent provocateur who had apparently worked a classic frame-up on Shcharansky. First, Lipavsky had volunteered his services to CIA agents at the American embassy in Moscow. U.S. intelligence sources have conceded that Lipavsky worked for the agency for nine months, providing information about dissidents. After he was dropped by the Americans, who belatedly suspected his KGB connection, Lipavsky shared a flat with Shcharansky for a short time. He thus provided the link the KGB sought to establish between the hapless Shcharansky and the CIA.

Soviet authorities clearly tried to make an example of Shcharansky, hoping that his fate would serve as a warning to other dissidents who might seek to air their hopes and grievances to foreigners. Despite the KGB's best efforts, Shchar-

ansky refused to cooperate in his own humiliation. The secret police failed to get a confession from him during 16 months of pretrial imprisonment. He was held incommunicado and presumably was unaware that his case had provoked worldwide protest. Even knowing that he risked the death sentence by not yielding to his interrogators, Shcharansky pleaded not guilty on the first day of his trial.

The KGB also failed to break the spirit of the two other dissidents tried last week. Viktoras Pektus, who has served 16 years in prisons and camps for his religious convictions, was arrested after helping to organize a Lithuanian Helsinki Watch Committee last year. He was put on trial in the Lithuanian capital of Vilna on charges of anti-Soviet agitation, homosexuality, corruption of minors and drunkenness. Outraged by the accusations, Pektus lay down in the witness box, closed his eyes and refused to take part in the proceedings. The verdict: ten years' imprisonment and five years of Siberian exile.

The other victim of Soviet justice was Alexander Ginzburg, 41, a veteran human rights activist who has already spent seven years in the Gulag. He pleaded not guilty to charges of anti-Soviet propaganda in a courtroom in Kaluga, 100 miles southwest of Moscow. When the judge asked the routine question, "What is your nationality?" Ginzburg gave the insolent reply, "Zeka" (prisoner). Like Shcharansky, he had also resisted pressure to confess, but 17 months of pretrial isolation and interrogation had taken a fearful toll. His wife Irina, who was admitted to the courtroom, was appalled to see that his dark hair had turned completely gray and he looked 60. Many of his friends believe he is unlikely to survive the eight-year term of hard labor imposed last week, following the terms of two and five years he has already served for producing an unofficial poetry magazine and an underground book on the 1966 trial of Dissident Writers Andrei Sinyavsky and Yuli Daniel.

The principal charge against Ginzburg this time was that he had administered a fund set up by the exiled Russian novelist Alexander Solzhenitsyn to help political prisoners and their families. Since 1974 Ginzburg has distributed a sum equivalent to \$360,000, of which \$76,000 was contributed by individuals inside Russia.

Last week, Ginzburg, who is known to be a retiring, compassionate and pious man, was charged with using the Solzhenitsyn fund to pay for "sex orgies," finance his drinking and purchase "stolen icons." He was also accused of using the fund to finance "the hostile activities of criminal elements." His calm answer in his final statement to the court: "I do

*Ginzburg, whose mother is Jewish, is a fervent convert to the Russian Orthodox Church.

not consider myself guilty and I am not asking for leniency." Before being taken away, he declared: "I am seizing this last opportunity to express my feeling of solidarity and my regard for my friend Anatoli Shcharansky."

When Ginzburg's sentence was announced, a crowd of Russians who were hostile to the dissidents shouted, "Not long enough!" and "Shoot them all!" But when the van carrying him to prison departed from the courthouse, his supporters pelted the vehicle with flowers, crying, "Alec! Alec!"

Upon hearing the verdict, Sakharov commented, "It has nothing to do with justice. We consider the sentence very cruel—a threat to his life." At a hastily organized press conference for Western

journalists in his tiny Moscow apartment, the revered father figure of the human rights movement declared that the harsh sentence meted out to Ginzburg was an "act of vengeance" for his connection with Solzhenitsyn. The Shcharansky trial, he said, had been an attempt to stir up anti-Semitic feelings within the country. "The Soviet authorities are trying to break up the movement for Jewish emigration," he warned. "They are threatening the Jews."

Thus in a single week Soviet authorities had managed to dispose of three more notable dissidents. Of 38 founding members of the Helsinki Watch Committee, 17 are now in prison, while seven have emigrated or been exiled. Yet another trial is expected soon. The de-

fendant will be Alex 24, who has devoted to one aspect of the movement: the plight of K. been imprisoned in institutions where beatings of painful and da commonplace.

The author of an underground book on psychiatric abuse called *Punitive Medicine*, Podrabinek was arrested last May on a charge of "distributing false fabrications defaming the Soviet state and social structure." Last week a Podrabinek defense committee met in London to hold a "defense hearing" with ten witnesses who will not be allowed to testify at his trial.

Andy Young Strikes Again

"When Cy Vance tells me to shut up, I'll shut up." So said Ambassador to the United Nations Andrew Young early in 1977, as he embarked on a policy of open-mouthed diplomacy that featured a number of ill-timed and poorly conceived outbursts. Last week, following his most incendiary quotations ever, Secretary of State Vance and President Carter finally told Andy Young, in effect, to shut up. Reprimanding Young by telephone, Carter said that he was "very unhappy with [Young's] choice of words... and several statements." After apologizing, the U.N. Ambassador conceded that he had blundered.

The comments that provoked Young's bosses—as well as the U.S. Congress and many Western leaders—appeared in the French socialist daily

Le Matin, just as Jimmy Carter was protesting the trials of Soviet Dissidents Shcharansky and Ginzburg. Asked about the trials, Young said it was difficult to predict the fate of the dissidents, and then added that in U.S. prisons there are "hundreds, maybe thousands of people I would categorize as political prisoners." He said: "Ten years ago, I myself was tried in Atlanta for having organized a [civil rights] protest movement. And three years later, I was a Georgia representative." Almost as if he planned to make as many people furious as quickly as possible, Young went on to suggest (without citing any evidence) that supporters of Rhodesian Prime Minister Ian Smith, rather than black nationalist guerrillas, had massacred Christian missionaries at Elim last month and that France had intervened in the Katangese invasion of Zaïre's Shaba province primarily for economic motives.

Young had a point that he might conceivably argue that jailed U.S. civil rights protesters were political prisoners, in the broadest possible sense. Moreover, he did criticize the Soviet system. But his timing could not have been worse.

News of Young's interview broke in Geneva just as Vance handed a message from Carter to Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko concerning Shcharansky. "Shit, shit, shit," screamed one ranking member of the Secretary's party when he learned what Young had said. "That stupid son of a bitch." As for the usually calm Vance, "what he said

was unprintable," reported an aide. The Soviet news agency Tass promptly and predictably trumpeted Young's remark as "an official admission that political persecution is widespread in the United States."

In Washington, some legislators called for Young's impeachment. Said Idaho Republican Steve Symms: "His ambassadorship seems more favorable to the Soviet Union than to the United States." In Chicago, former Secretary of State Henry Kissinger said that Young "should learn discipline or should not continue in his post." Lawrence P. McDonald, a Georgia Democrat (and member of the John Birch Society) introduced a motion in the House of Representatives to impeach Young; it failed, 293 to 82.

Meanwhile Vance and Carter agreed that Young would have to issue a statement to try to minimize the damage. "Vance told me," Young recalled afterward, "that the

interview seemed to be undercutting what he and the President were trying to do. I said that was not my intention." At a hastily called press conference in Geneva (no questions were permitted), Young read a statement that had been polished by Vance's aides in which he expressed total sympathy for the Administration's human rights campaign. And he added: "I know of no instance in the U.S. where persons have received penalties for monitoring our Government's position on civil or human rights."

Alone in his U.N. office in Geneva, Young told TIME Correspondent Christopher Ogden at week's end that he had not slept much for the past three nights, wondering whether he should resign. Young had decided not to do so, in part because of recent progress in reducing tensions in southern Africa. Young offered no apologies for his comments, maintaining that the context of his long interview (the transcript ran 24 pages) made his remarks—and his intentions—considerably less disturbing than the zingers that leaped from the world's wire-service machines. If he had it to do over again, would he do it the same way? Young smiled and said: "I'd do it the same way, but not at the same time."

If nothing else, Young's gaffe led to a new East-West joke. According to one story circulating in Geneva, Vance was trying to work out a swap with Gromyko: Andy Young for Anatoli Shcharansky.



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They included two British psychiatrists and Vladimir Bukovsky, the Russian dissident whom the Soviets exchanged in 1976 for Chilean Communist Party Chief Luis Corvalán.

Last week the trial of a non-dissident was timed by the Soviet authorities to coincide with the court cases against Shcharansky and the other human rights activists. The defendant was an office worker named Anatoli Filatov, who was charged with high treason. Tried by a military court, he was sentenced to death by firing squad. An official statement about the trial attempted to connect Filatov, who may have been a real spy, with the dissidents. It said, "The intelligence services of the imperialist states are persistently trying to use some members of Soviet society for intelligence and other subversive aims."

Who are the dissidents? In the mid-1960s, groups of intellectuals banded together to protest the large-scale arrests of nationalists in the Ukraine and the trial of Sinyavsky and Daniel. They were mostly writers, scientists, teachers and scholars. At first they began calling merely for greater intellectual and artistic freedom; later, such figures as Sakharov and Solzhenitsyn began asking for fundamental changes in Soviet society.

Samizdat, or underground literature, began to flourish, enriched by such banned works as Boris Pasternak's *Doctor Zhivago* and Solzhenitsyn's *The First Circle*. But even at the height of the movement, active dissenters have never numbered more than a few thousand people. Still, the influence of their ideas is incalculable in a country where muted discontent over material and intellectual deprivation is widespread.

Will the Kremlin leaders succeed in terrorizing dissidents into silence with show trials like Shcharansky's? The consensus among both dissidents and Sovietologists abroad appears to be that they will live to fight another day. "The publicity given the trials is very encouraging," said Computer Scientist Valentin Turchin, 47, who was a prominent human rights activist before he emigrated to New York City last year. Although the Soviet press has hardly mentioned the protests in Western Europe and the U.S., news of them was beamed to millions in the Soviet Union by Radio Liberty and other Western short-wave stations. "The awful thing about the Stalin era was that people just disappeared, and nobody knew where they had gone, nobody mentioned them," said Turchin. "Now there is public reaction, and people understand what is happening. The struggle is worth the effort."

Attorney Dina Kaminskaya was chosen by Shcharansky and Ginzburg to represent them. She was then disbarred for her previous, vigorous defense of several other dissenters and forced into exile

Soviet Justice: Bureaucratic Terror

To a degree, Soviet political trials are more like perverse morality plays than a democracy's courtroom proceedings. As Political Scientist Robert C. Tucker puts it, these trials are in the realm of "psychological politics"—their ultimate purpose is not the punishment of crime but the administration of bureaucratic terror.

Naked fear through the apparent rule of law was invented by Joseph Stalin. He inaugurated Russia's notorious "show trials"—the public exorcism of high-level Communist figures, brainwashed and tortured into "free confession" of heinous and improbable crimes against the state (a process memorably described in Arthur Koestler's *Darkness at Noon*).

Such trials reached a peak in the infamous Moscow tribunals of 1936 to 1938, which "uncovered" countless heretical conspiracies, and not so incidentally cleared Stalin's path of old Bolsheviks whom he paranoiacally viewed as potential threats to his leadership. Among the most prominent victims of Stalin's ritual jurisprudence: onetime Soviet Premier Alexei Rykov, Secret Police Chief Genrikh Yagoda and Politburo Member Nikolai Bukharin, whom Lenin had once



Convicted defendants at 1930 show trial
Naked fear through apparent rule of law.

called "the favorite of the whole [Communist] party." Nikita Khrushchev, in his famous 1956 speech to the Soviet Communist Party's 20th congress, disclosed that the trials were based on "fabricated" evidence, the closest Soviet Communism has ever come to admit that one of its leaders had lied. Khrushchev promised new norms of "socialist legality" to protect Soviet citizens from arbitrary persecution. Under Stalin's heirs the show trial did, in fact, disappear.

But in the middle '60s, as a reaction to the growing dissident movement, political trials again began. Unlike the show trials, these were mainly closed to the public. Like them, the guilt of the accused was pre-conceived by their judges. Among the victims of the new "socialist legality":

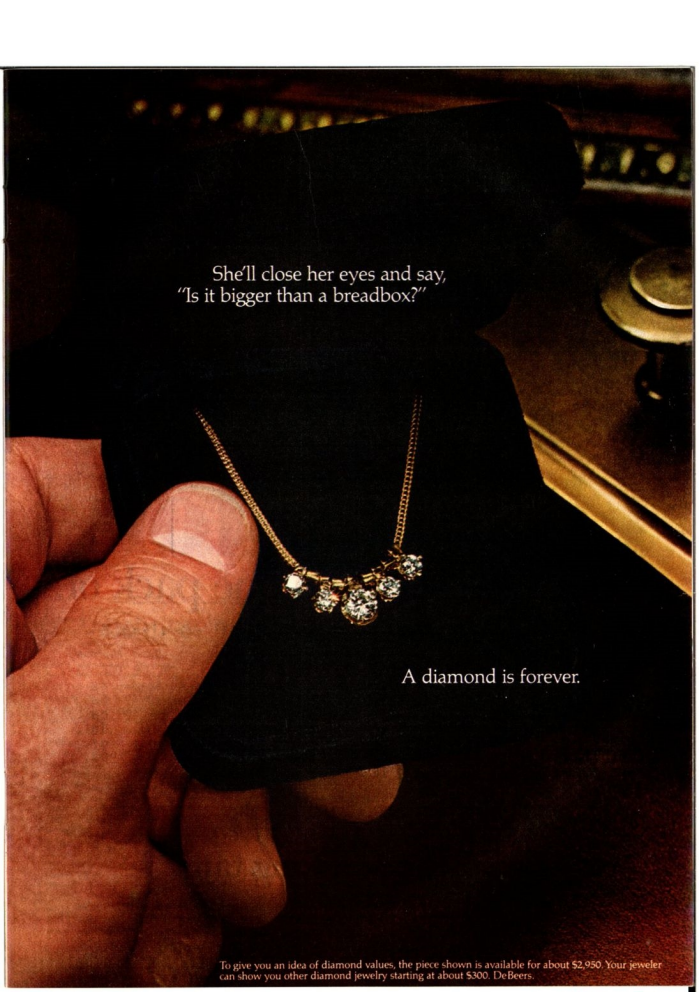
► In 1966, Andrei Sinyavsky, 40, and Yuli Daniel, 40, were tried for disseminating "slandorous inventions defamatory of the Soviet political and social system." Both are outspoken writers whose satires of Soviet life had circulated in the West—Sinyavsky's under the pseudonym Abram Tertz, Daniel's under the nom de plume Nikolai Arzhak. Sinyavsky was sentenced to seven years at hard labor; Daniel to five.

► In 1967, Vyacheslav Chornovil, 30, a Ukrainian radio and television journalist, was charged in Kiev with "slandering the Soviet system." He had smuggled out to the West an account of the arrests and secret trials of 15 Ukrainian writers, teachers and scientists. Chornovil was sentenced to three years in prison, a term later reduced under a general amnesty to 18 months.

► In 1968, Alexander Ginzburg, 31, Yuri Galanskov, 29, Aleksei Dobrovolsky, 29, and Vera Lashkova, 21, were charged with anti-Soviet agitation. The trial of the four dissenters touched off extraordinary public protest in the Soviet Union, as crowds scuffled with court security guards. Their sentences ranged from one to seven years at hard labor.

► In 1970, Mark Dymshits, 38, Eduard Kuznetsov, 30, and nine others, all but two of them Jewish, were tried in Leningrad for planning to hijack a Soviet airliner to Sweden. Although the group never set foot on the plane, Dymshits and Kuznetsov drew death sentences, commuted to 15 years' imprisonment. The others received sentences ranging from one to ten years.

► In 1973, Historian Pyotr Yakir, 49, was charged with passing information to the West about dissent in the U.S.S.R. Yakir, who had spent 17 years in Stalin's forced-labor camps, admitted his guilt both on the stand and later at an extraordinary public news conference, thereby escaping a prison sentence. Before his trial, however, Yakir had told a British reporter: "If they beat me, I will say anything. I know that from my former experience in the camps."

A close-up photograph of a person's hand holding a black, curved jewelry display card. A delicate gold chain necklace with five round-cut diamonds is draped over the card. The background is dark and out of focus, showing some metallic elements of a jewelry store setting.

She'll close her eyes and say,
"Is it bigger than a breadbox?"

A diamond is forever.

To give you an idea of diamond values, the piece shown is available for about \$2,950. Your jeweler can show you other diamond jewelry starting at about \$300. DeBeers.

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Winston Lights	13	0.9
Doral	12	0.9
Marlboro Lights	12	0.8
Vantage	11	0.8
Parliament	9	0.6
Kent Golden Lights	8	0.7
Merit	8	0.6

"LOW TAR" MENTHOLS

	Tar mg./cig	Nicotine mg./cig
Kool Milds	14	0.9
Doral	12	0.8
Vantage	11	0.8
Salem Lights	10	0.8
Kent Golden Lights	9	0.7
Merit	8	0.6

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Box: Less than 0.5 mg. "tar"; 0.05 mg. nicotine; Soft Pack and Menthol: 1 mg. "tar";
0.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May '78.

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ten months ago. In Washington last week she argued that "the dissident movement will not be defeated in spite of all these persecutions. There will always be people who surface to fight, even when the persecutions become more cruel."

Said one of Shcharansky's close friends, Vitali Rubin, 54, who now teaches Chinese philosophy in Israel: "People have grown tired of being afraid. I had no doubt that Shcharansky would stand up to pressure. He knew that a Jew who is brought to trial has much more responsibility because he represents the entire Jewish community. What is being done to one Jew in a courtroom is really being done to all Jews. This is a fact of anti-Semitism."

British Sovietologist Peter Reddaway, a longtime observer of the dissident scene, believes that the human rights movement's links with religious minorities and ethnic groups like the Ukrainians give it a potential mass base. "An unpleasant period is ahead for the dissident groups, but I'm sure they will respond as they have in the past, by toughing it out. A pattern has been established over the years: when dissident leaders disappear, others come forward to take their place."

There was no more compelling proof of the dissidents' will to resist than the closing statement delivered by Shcharansky at his trial, just before sentence was pronounced:

"In March and April, during my interrogation, those conducting the case warned me that the position I had taken during the investigation made possible a sentence of 15 years to death. But if I agreed to cooperate with them, I would be freed soon and would be quickly reunited with my wife. Five years ago, I applied to emigrate to Israel. Now, as never before, I am far from my dreams."

"One would think I would be sorry, but I am not. I am happy because I have lived at peace with my conscience and I have never betrayed my conscience even when threatened with death. I am happy that I helped people, and I am proud to have met and worked with such honest and courageous people as Sakharov, Orlov and Ginzburg. I am happy to have witnessed the process of liberating Soviet Jewry."

"Those close to me know that I wanted to exchange the life of an activist in the Jewish emigration movement here for a reunion with Avital in Israel. For more than 2,000 years, my people have been dispersed. Wherever Jews were, they would repeat every year: 'Next year in Jerusalem.' At present I am as far as ever from my people, from Avital, and many hard years of exile are in store for me."

"To my wife and my people, I can only say, 'Next year in Jerusalem.' To this court, which decided my fate in advance, I say nothing." ■



President Sadat and Israel's opposition leader Peres share a private word in Vienna

MIDDLE EAST

At Least They're Still Talking

Hope builds as Sadat meets with Israelis

Officials in Cairo insisted that the trip was being extended merely for a little vacation in the Alps. Some vacation. Flying into Vienna for a brief visit that started with a weekend gathering of the Socialist International, Egyptian President Anwar Sadat met twice last week with Israeli Opposition Leader Shimon Peres; the talks had been arranged by their host, Austrian Chancellor Bruno Kreisky. After retiring to a 16th century resort hotel outside Salzburg, Sadat then conferred with U.N. Secretary-General Kurt Waldheim, who just happened to be vacationing nearby at his summer home on the Attersee. Abruptly canceling a day of sightseeing in Munich, Sadat later spent an afternoon with Israeli Defense Minister Ezer Weizman and his counterpart from Cairo, Abdel Ghany Gamassy.

The flurry of activity was a prelude to a meeting this week in Britain of the Israeli and Egyptian Foreign Ministers, with Secretary of State Cyrus Vance serving as moderator. Although nothing conclusive was achieved, the talks in Austria showed that Sadat is still eager to keep his peace initiative alive.

Of his talks with the Egyptians, Weizman said only that "various ways and possibilities for achieving peace" had been discussed and that the three men would meet again soon in Alexandria. The conversations between Sadat and Peres were strictly exploratory, since the Labor Party leader is in no position to speak for the Israeli government. Nonetheless, Sa-

dat and Peres did agree that the Aswan formula, drawn up by President Carter and Sadat last January, would provide an acceptable framework for a peace agreement. Among other things, the formula calls for participation by the Palestinians in determining their own future.

Although Israeli Premier Menachem Begin voiced no objections to the Sadat-Peres meeting, other Israeli officials did not disguise their displeasure. With some justice, they believe that Sadat would much prefer to see Peres as Israel's Premier. Seeing him as a potential successor to Begin, Sadat—in this Israeli view—may be trying to hold off from re-entering serious negotiations with Begin and his Foreign Minister, Moshe Dayan.

There is no doubt that the Egyptians, and their moderate Arab allies, are growing increasingly skeptical about the possibility of a dialogue with Begin. As Saudi Arabia's King Khalid bluntly put it on a visit to Kuwait: "Begin does not want peace." The Saudi monarch was pressing his own view that the time has come to ignore Begin and concentrate on what he sees as the real danger to the Middle East: recent Soviet penetration along the Red Sea and in the Horn of Africa, which threatens to encircle the Arabian oilfields and block the Suez Canal.

In Washington, Carter Administration officials were pleased with the new round of contacts. "It would have been inconceivable a year ago," observed a State Department Middle East expert of Sadat's

World

ISRAEL

Exemption for the Pious

A law to aid religious women, and perhaps draft dodgers too

A woman shall not wear anything that pertains to a man...for whoever does these things is an abomination to the Lord your God.

—Deuteronomy 22: 5

meeting with Peres, "yet now we accept such talks between Israel and Egypt with nonchalance." American officials also noted that both sides had favorable words about certain aspects of a four-point plan on the Middle East proposed by former West German Chancellor Willy Brandt and Austrian Chancellor Kreisky.

The Brandt-Kreisky proposal calls for some Israeli withdrawal from each section of the occupied territories (Sinai, the Golan Heights, the West Bank and Gaza), with the exact location of peace boundaries to be determined in negotiations. Other points: demilitarization where necessary in the territories to be surrendered, Israel's right to unspecified security measures, and the right of Palestinians to participate in negotiations that would determine their political future.

The painstaking task of bringing Egypt and Israel back to the bargaining table could be ruined if renewed fighting in Lebanon sparked another confrontation between Syria and Israel. A tenuous truce brought a measure of calm to the country, where clashes two weeks ago between Syrian peace-keeping forces and Christian militiamen left 200 dead, most of them civilians. Both sides used the lull to bring heavy reinforcements into Beirut. Israel continued to supply military equipment to the rightist Christian armies of Pierre Gemayel and Camille Chamoun, who have been engaged in a bloodletting feud with forces loyal to former Lebanese President Suleiman Franjeh, also a Christian. Although most observers believed that the supplies would be the only Israeli help, Damascus nonetheless warned that any overt intervention by Israel could mean a new Arab-Israeli war.

Even as the armaments were being off-loaded, thousands of Lebanese were fleeing the beleaguered capital, where Christian and Muslim sections were once again separated by an impassable no man's land. All plane seats out of the city were booked for the rest of the month. Other refugees fled up the mountain roads to small villages. "The mountains are the last safe place," said a carpenter as he filled his pickup truck with relatives and children. "It will not be possible to build a new life there, but we can stay alive. All we can do is hope for the best and expect the worst."

Diplomatic observers were not much more hopeful about the situation. "Even if the Syrians and the Christians patch something together," said a Western diplomat in Beirut, "it will hold for only a few weeks or a month. The state will fall back into conditions that produce more fighting. The guns talk here. Nothing else." President Elias Sarkis, who has been frustrated over his inability to prevent the fratricidal fighting, for a while threatened to resign. But he bowed to U.S. pressure to stay on in order to stave off what would almost certainly be, in his absence, total anarchy in the troubled land. ■

That ancient biblical injunction returned to haunt Premier Menachem Begin last week. Only a last-minute compromise between religious conviction and military necessity appears to have saved Begin's coalition government from its gravest domestic crisis in 13 months of



Israeli women soldiers on parade

Deuteronomy extends to submachine guns.

rule. The issue: Israeli women in uniform.

The Premier's troubles began when he agreed to a request by the ultra-Orthodox Agudat Israel Party to amend Israel's conscription laws, thereby making it easier for Orthodox Jewish women to gain exemption from the draft. Orthodox rabbis believe that women should not serve in the armed forces, since they interpret the prohibition against men's clothing to include the khaki trousers and the UZI submachine guns issued to Israel's female conscripts. The law now requires that women serve for two years and men for three, beginning at age 18.

In April, the government introduced legislation that would automatically exempt women from the army if they declared they had religious objections. The

move encountered stiff opposition in the Knesset from the Labor and Shelli parties and from one of Likud's key coalition partners, the Democratic Movement for Change. At the same time, Agudat Israel threatened to quit Begin's coalition if the bill did not pass.

Passage of the new law, its opponents argued, would invite draft dodging on a mass scale by nonreligious women. This would seriously impair the efficiency of the Israeli armed forces, which rely on women to run many basic administrative and support services. Under present law, Orthodox women are exempt from military service only if they can pass an oral examination on their religious beliefs conducted by a board that includes an army rabbi and a representative of the general staff manpower department. Rabbis objected to this system because some genuinely religious girls fail the exam simply because they are none too bright.

According to the new legislation, any 18-year-old girl claiming religious scruples would be exempt "without further examination by any board." In the past year the Defense Ministry has already begun operating in the spirit of the proposed law. Result: a 9% rise in exemptions for draft-age women. A report by the Defense Ministry submitted to the Knesset this month predicted that 30% of the 25,283 women due to be drafted this year will claim religious exemptions if the unamended bill passes.

The compromise bill, designed to tighten the exemption loophole, would require women seeking exemptions to declare that they do not travel on the Sabbath and strictly observe Jewish dietary laws. Although the girls will no longer have to pass examinations, they will face stiff penalties if discovered to have made false declarations. A girl found lolling on a beach on the Sabbath, for example, will be liable to serve a term in prison, to be followed by regular army service.

The Knesset will almost certainly pass the compromise bill this week. Meanwhile, 20,000 nonreligious high school girls who face conscription after graduation demonstrated in Tel Aviv last week to protest making it easy for draft dodgers. Teen-agers throughout the country circulated petitions demanding equality in the conscription system and urging that religious girls be required to do some useful nonmilitary service for the nation. Unexpected support for the opposition came from the Premier's wife, Aliza Begin, whose two daughters, Hasya, 32, and Leah, 30, served in the Israel Defense Forces. "Why should my daughter be drafted, and someone else's not be?" she asked. "There's injustice in that." ■



After the explosion, the twisted wreckage of a trailer and a car litter the scorched wasteland by the beach

GAMMA-LIAISON

SPAIN

"It Was Like Napalm"

A gas-truck explosion devastates a seaside campsite

I was approaching mid-afternoon, and a sparkling, early-summer Spanish sun still shone high over the tiny Mediterranean resort of San Carlos de la Rápita. Most of the 600 French, West German and Belgian tourists at Los Alfaques (the Sandbars) campsite were eating a leisurely sitdown lunch in front of their tents and trailers or at picnic tables under the shade of palm and cypress trees. Others were dozing off for a vacation siesta. Groups of children romped among the sunbathers basking on the narrow beach.

At exactly 2:36 p.m., a 38-ton tanker truck carrying 1,518 cu. ft. of highly combustible propylene gas from nearby Tarragona to an industrial refinery in central Spain peeled around the long bend of the highway behind the camp at 40 m.p.h. and skidded out of control. Perhaps already on fire, it crashed into a retaining wall, rolled and, as it exploded, spewed torrential fountains of fire that washed across most of Los Alfaques. Flames towering hundreds of feet engulfed vacationers and their gear, setting off a secondary round of blasts from exploding butane cookers and automobile gas tanks. Parts of the tanker were blown almost half a mile away. Trailers were burnt to their frames in an instant, like paper models. Campers ran into the wa-

ter to douse the flames on their bodies, only to be burned even more severely by the chemical reaction.

"It was like napalm, it was an inferno," said a French visitor from Toulouse who had been washing dishes in a trailer that was spared at the edge of the camp. "People were running everywhere, screaming, some of them on fire." More than 100 were killed on the spot, most burnt beyond recognition. Another 150 or more lay writhing in the havoc, grotesquely scorched. In all, the fire storm that dev-

astated Los Alfaques had killed 144 by week's end, and left some 75 injured, many critically. Not since a pair of jumbo jets collided and caught fire on a runway on the Spanish Canary Island of Tenerife in March 1977, killing 582, had there been a burn disaster of such proportions.

Ambulances and private cars ferried maimed and disfigured victims for emergency treatment to Tarragona, Valencia and 120 miles northeast to Barcelona. West German and Swiss rescue planes were pressed into service to transport

Medics evacuating a victim to hospital



The remnants of an interrupted picnic



Read this and cry.

Adriana lives in a one-room shack in a South American barrio. Her mother works hard as a street cleaner, and is too tired, too weak to give her daughter the attention she desperately needs.

Since 1938 the Christian Children's Fund has helped hundreds of thousands of children like Adriana. But so many more still need someone to help. Someone to care.

That someone could be you. If you become a sponsor in the Christian Children's Fund. All it costs is \$15 a month, but you help give a child so very much. Regular meals, medical attention, the chance to go to school, or whatever that child needs most to live a healthy, productive life.

You needn't send any money now. First "meet" the child who needs you. Just fill out and mail the coupon. We'll send you a child's photograph and tell you

about her way of life—her age, health, interests and family background. We'll also tell you about the project where the child can be helped, and give you detailed instructions on how you can exchange letters with your sponsored child and share a very special part of her life.

After you find out about the child and the Christian Children's Fund, then you can decide if you want to become a sponsor. Simply send in your first monthly check or money order for \$15 within 10 days. Or return the photo and background materials so we can ask someone else to help.

Take this opportunity to "meet" a child who desperately needs your help. Somewhere in the world there's a suffering child who will share something very special with you. Love.

For the love of a hungry child.

Dr. Verent J. Mills
CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, Inc., Box 26511, Richmond, Va. 23261

I wish to sponsor a ☐ boy ☐ girl. ☐ Choose any child who needs help.

Please send my information package today.

☐ I want to learn more about the child assigned to me. If I accept the child, I'll send my first sponsorship payment of \$15 within 10 days. Or I'll return the photograph and other material so you can ask someone else to help.

☐ I prefer to send my first payment now, and I enclose my first monthly payment of \$15.

☐ I cannot sponsor a child now but would like to contribute \$_____

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World

others to specialized burn centers in their home countries. But doctors predicted that most of the injured, burned over 90% of their bodies, could not survive.

The morning after, embalmers performed their grisly work over open rows of caskets, six of them the small and white coffins of children. Some of the blackened bodies were still curled as if to shield themselves from the heat, and many faces still wore expressions of terror. Yet Los Alfaques would not remain a scene of death for long. Not far away from the formation of caskets, at the end of the camp that had escaped the blast, surviving children had already returned to playing on the beach.

Pamplona: The Bulls Didn't Run

Violence kills a famed fiesta

Ever since Ernest Hemingway's 1926 novel *The Sun Also Rises* popularized its rowdy ritual of the running of the bulls, the Fiesta of San Fermin at Pamplona has attracted as many visitors each July as the Prado Museum. But last week some 135,000 tourists who had jammed into the prosperous provincial capital quickly forgot about the usual pastimes of drinking, dancing and *corridos*. Thousands fled in fear as the fiesta was canceled for the first time since the civil war by a series of riots that flared through Pamplona and across Spain's long-troubled Basque region. Before it was over, the violence left two dead and ballooned into one of the most serious challenges yet faced by the democratic post-Franco government of Premier Adolfo Suárez.

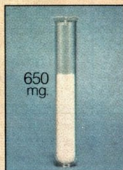
The trouble started before 20,000 spectators in the Pamplona bullring when a group of youthful Basque nationalists clashed with riot police. The fighting spilled into the nearby Plaza del Castillo, scattering fiesta-faithful tourists from the outdoor cafés, then intensified into gunfire that killed a 23-year-old leftist. As the trouble spread to other Basque cities, the police were quick—often too quick—to counter it with bullets. After a youth was shot dead in San Sebastián, tens of thousands of workers staged a general strike throughout the industrial region.

Spain has been plagued for years by a Basque secessionist movement, which seeks total autonomy for the ancient region. But the terrorist ETA (for Basque Homeland and Liberty) seemed to have lost much of its support lately following a promise by Suárez of eventual limited home rule. Because last week's outbreaks were a reminder that opportunities for the violent confrontation sought by extremists still exist, the Suárez government indicated it might start moving faster on home rule. ETA responded by threatening to execute all "mercenaries in the service of the Spanish state."

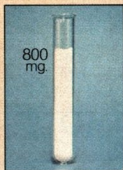


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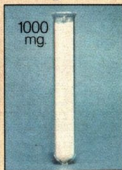
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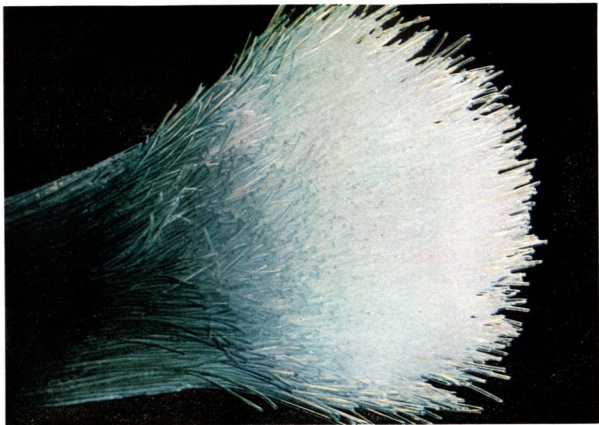
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World

RHODESIA

Missions in the Midst of War

The tragic dilemma of innocent bystanders

The death toll rises steadily as the bloody civil war in Rhodesia grinds on, with little hope for an early settlement. Last week black nationalist guerrillas attacked a convoy of 50 vehicles at Kariba, 140 miles north of Salisbury. A bus driver and three young white girls died from bullet wounds; 16 other passengers were wounded. Later, guerrillas attacked and set fire to a tiny village in the Zwimba Tribal Trust Land, killing 17 of its 22 black inhabitants.

Among all the innocent bystanders caught in the Rhodesian conflict, however, none face a more agonizing dilemma than Rhodesia's Christian missionaries, who for years have provided education and health care to blacks. Their stations, schools and orphanages have become targets of suspicion for both the army and the nationalist guerrillas. The missions face a problem if they do not report local guerrilla movements to the government and a problem if they do. In the past two years, 25 missionaries have been deported, accused of aiding the rebels. Last month 13 men, women and children at the British Pentecostal mission of Elim, near the Mozambique border, were killed during the most brutal assault on whites since the civil war began.

More than one-third of the 300 missions in rural Rhodesia have closed since 1972. Others survive only as caretaker operations. One undaunted exception is St. Augustine's, a boarding school at Penhalonga, only 20 miles from Elim in an area where the guerrillas now operate with impunity. St. Augustine's, run by Anglican friars of the Community of the Resurrection, was founded in 1891, and is one of the oldest church missions in Rhodesia. In 1939, over white opposition, it established the colony's first secondary school for Africans, and boasts 1,150 students in primary and secondary grades. A number of today's black nationalist leaders are among its graduates.

Last week TIME Johannesburg Bureau Chief William McWhirter visited St. Augustine's. His report:

During the day, life in the mountain valley where the mission's 4,500-acre tract is located still appears as serene as it was in 1964 when the present rector, Father Kéble Prosser, first came out from England to run St. Augustine's. The dirt road twists and turns its way up a hillside, into which are built low, one-story brick classroom buildings and dormitories, shaded by long verandas and heavy foliage. St. Augustine's 14th century bell continues to ring out across the valley. As the African sun climbs through the mist to strike the treetops, the hill rings too with the sound of children's voices.

But life at St. Augustine's is quickly

changing, for the worse. Says Father Prosser: "Until recently we were genuinely a haven of peace. But after Elim, I was approached by a number of our senior African teachers who said they had certain knowledge that St. Augustine's would be next." The rector replaced his last five white teachers with blacks. Reluctantly, he began to spend his nights at the home of a friend in the nearby town of Umtali.

Father Prosser has never hidden his personal opposition to white minority rule. Despite his feelings about Prime Minister Ian Smith, however, his goal is

has tried to persuade his students not to join the *wokamana* (boys) in the Patriotic Front forces training across the border in Mozambique. "I pleaded with them not to go, to think for God's sake of their parents. But in every single case it had no effect whatsoever." Not only did a fifth of the 450 boys in the upper school leave, but, he says, those who did go "were the best intellectually, the best morally."

Those who remained must deal with another problem: the bitter division between black advocates of the internal settlement and those who support the Patriotic Front. Says a student: "There is too much tension in the towns between those who support [Bishop Abel] Muzorewa or [the Rev. Ndabaningi] Sithole and backers of the Patriotic Front. Sometimes it leads to people being knifed. If



Father Kéble Prosser chatting with African nuns at St. Augustine's Mission in Penhalonga

"We are in a different world here. It would be nice if we never had to leave."

to protect St. Augustine's by removing it from politics and lately from the spreading war. "It was always our hope to keep the mission as a no man's land," he explained last week, "because if you bring in one group, you bring in the other. Any mission is distrusted by everybody. The whites think that we are Communists. The blacks think we're fascists."

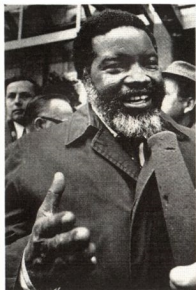
Two years ago Rhodesian army officers appeared, seeking permission to address the student body. Father Prosser refused, explaining that it would invite trouble for the students. The officers then asked to be allowed to bring the body of a dead terrorist to the school so the students would draw an obvious lesson. Yes, said Father Prosser, they might do so if the mission could give the guerrilla a Christian burial. At that, the army left and did not return.

A committed pacifist, Father Prosser

we talked politics, the same would happen here. We are in a different world here. It would be nice if we never had to leave."

There are two fresh graves at St. Augustine's; they contain the bodies of victims of an army-guerrilla shootout at the edge of the mission. Many neighboring white farmers have abruptly abandoned their properties. Nonetheless, Father Prosser is not only keeping St. Augustine's open but is even expanding with a \$200,000 program designed to double pre-university enrollment. The need is there, he explains: "No matter what happens in the future, school buildings are going to be very necessary for whatever government comes." He admits that he does not know how much longer St. Augustine's will be spared. Last week Father Prosser discovered chalked letters—HOME GO—written on the wall of a classroom building. Until recently, the phrase would only have been an end-of-term exhortatory. ■

World



SWAPO Leader Sam Nujoma

NAMIBIA

Diplomacy Wins

As the West sells a peace plan

Prospects brightened abruptly last week for a speedy end to the hostilities that have long festered in the mineral-rich territory of Namibia (South West Africa), nestled along the African continent's Atlantic coast between Angola and South Africa. After meetings in the Angolan capital of Luanda, militant Namibian nationalists of the South-West African People's Organization (SWAPO) agreed to go along with a peacemaking formula drawn up by five Western powers. The plan calls for ending the twelve-year-old guerrilla war in the territory by having the United Nations supervise progress toward independence, to be attained by the end of the year. If all goes according to schedule, South Africa's administration of the territory—an arrangement that dates from 1919 and has been in defiance of a U.N. ruling since 1966—will end simultaneously.

The agreement was a diplomatic victory for the West. U.S. Ambassador Donald F. McHenry, who is assigned to the U.N. and is chairman of the Western group,* gave full credit for the success of the Western approach to U.N. Ambassador Andrew Young, who conceived the Namibian strategy early last year. McHenry has been shuttling between New York and seven African capitals for the past 15 months in an effort to persuade leaders of the so-called Front Line States (Angola, Zambia, Tanzania, Mozambique and Botswana) to talk SWAPO Leader Sam Nujoma into buying the plan. Angolan of-

ficials were particularly anxious for a resolution of the conflict. Their southern border area is scattered with Namibian refugee camps and SWAPO guerrilla bases; last May South Africa peppered the area with a series of bombing attacks in an attempt to wipe out the main guerrilla base.

Under the plan, a U.N. peacekeeping force of 5,000 troops and a U.N. "transition assistance group" (dubbed Untag) of about 1,000 civilians will help set up the machinery of independence. A special U.N. representative will work with an administrator-general, who will be charged with overseeing the repeal of discriminatory and restrictive laws, the release of political prisoners, and the repatriation of Namibian refugees from Angola.

South Africa is called upon to phase down its troop presence of 15,000 to a token force of 1,500 over the next three months. These remaining forces will be withdrawn after elections, to be held later this year. At the same time, SWAPO has agreed that its armed forces will cease "all hostile acts." The agreement fails to resolve the issue of Walvis Bay, the deepwater harbor in Namibia that South Africa has been anxious to keep. Presumably, it will be the subject of further negotiations.

The Western plan had been accepted by South Africa in April. Last week South African Foreign Minister R.F. ("Pik") Botha cautiously called SWAPO's acceptance a development that "could herald a new era in southern Africa." Some South African officials, however, remain skeptical about whether SWAPO guerrillas are genuinely prepared to enter into peaceable rivalry with Namibia's only other major political force, the moderate, white-aligned Democratic Turnhalle Alliance.

The plan now goes to the U.N. Security Council for formal approval, probably late next week. Though the Western powers would have preferred immediate action to forestall an incident that could upset the fragile agreement, it was decided to wait until after the Organization of African Unity summit this week, when the continent's leaders are expected to give it their blessing.

SOUTH AFRICA

Yes, Again

Another suspicious suicide

"Oh, no," cried an editorial in the *Rand Daily Mail* last week, "not again!" The South African newspaper had good reason for its dismay. In the same Port Elizabeth police building where Political Activist Stephen Biko was held for four days last September before his highly suspicious death from a supposedly self-inflicted bump on the head (TIME, Sept. 26 et seq.), another black prisoner died under curious circumstances. According to police, the prisoner leaped

without warning to his death through an open fifth-floor window during a security police interrogation. When announcing the incident, Minister of Justice James T. Kruger declared: "The fact is that it's very difficult to stop someone from committing suicide if he puts his mind to it."

The latest black prisoner to die in security police custody—and at least the 22nd during the past two years—was Lungile Tabalaza, 20, an unemployed high school dropout from the black township of New Brighton. Tabalaza and a younger companion had been arrested by uniformed police on July 3 as suspects in a series of gasoline-bomb attacks on delivery vans and the robbery of the drivers. Because Tabalaza had earlier been involved in illegal youth meetings in New Brighton, he was handed over to security police for "further investigation."

As a result of the Biko case, prisoners were supposed to be closely supervised to prevent suicide attempts. Kruger had ordered that interrogations must take place either in a room with barred windows or in a first-floor room, "for their sakes as well as for the credibility of the police." But the security police had only recently taken over the fifth floor of their Port Elizabeth building from a private tenant and, against orders, Tabalaza was questioned there.

The *Rand Daily Mail* was not alone in decrying the death. Member of Parliament Helen Suzman, a critic of both Kruger and the administration, called for the police minister's resignation. Kruger brushed this aside. He scheduled a formal inquest into Tabalaza's death, at which Tabalaza's family can be present. In addition, said Kruger, "as far as I can ascertain, the police are putting bars on those windows right now."



South African Justice Minister James Kruger
Preventing suicides can be very difficult.

*Which, besides the U.S., includes Canada, Britain, France and West Germany.



MAURITANIA

Exit Daddah

A costly war provokes a coup

Citizens of the quiet, sand-swept Mauritanian capital of Nouakchott (pop. 103,500) were trudging to their jobs early one morning last week when a brusque military order was broadcast: Go home. A political storm had blown up in the hot Sahara wind. Shortly afterward, as army Land Rovers equipped with machine guns appeared on street corners, the nature of the tempest became clear. Officers of the 15,000-man Mauritanian army, led by Lieut. Colonel Mustapha Ould Mohammed Salek, 42, had overthrown the regime of President Moktar Ould Daddah, 53, the mild-mannered strongman who had ruled the poverty-stricken country of 1.5 million Muslims since it gained independence from France in 1960.

The coup—which leaves 22 of Africa's 50 independent countries controlled by the military—was a bloodless one. Daddah was arrested at home and bundled off unharmed to a site outside the capital. Salek, the chief of staff, announced that government was in the hands of an 18-man "Military Committee for National Redress," composed of 16 other officers and a police commissioner.

The officers accused Daddah of corruption, but a more likely reason for the coup was Mauritania's woeful record in the drawn-out guerrilla war it is fighting, alongside Morocco, in the former Spanish Sahara. The two countries moved into the phosphate-rich colony in 1975, when Spain agreed to withdraw its troops. Despite military help from Morocco and France, Mauritania has been battered by the 500 members of the Marxist-oriented, Algerian-backed, Polisario guerrilla movement, which demands independence for the region.

The change of regime, however, does not necessarily mean that Mauritania will abandon its costly prize. While announcing that he would "confront the problem of the Sahara," Salek had by week's end not yet taken up a cease-fire offer from the Polisario guerrillas. ■

BRITAIN

In the Chips

Sweetening the public kitty

The seventh Earl of Lucan, descended from the commander who ordered the Charge of the Light Brigade, was reportedly driven to murder a few years ago by debts incurred during his binges at the *chemin de fer* tables, at \$2,000 a deal. At least one turf-preoccupied London bus driver became famous for tooling past passenger queues and rushing instead to the betting shops along his route. Not surprisingly, Gamblers Anonymous operates a 24-hour rescue service in Britain. Says the respected British scientist and public policy analyst, Lord Rothschild: "Napoleon called us a nation of shopkeepers, but I think we are a nation of gamblers."

No one is willing to argue with that post-Waterloo appreciation—not in Britain, where gambling of every variety is not so much diversion as obsession. From the dowdy bingo parlors of Clapham Junction to the nobby casinos of Mayfair, the British now spin the wheels of chance to the rhythm of \$15 billion a year. The main reason for the boom is clear to all: Britain is the most liberal gambling society in the world.

Last week the government announced that it will attempt to establish a new, more effective set of rules for the national pastime. The recommendations were part of a sweeping report on gambling, 2½ years in the making and 581 pages long, that was issued by a nine-member Royal Commission chaired by Lord Rothschild. The document constitutes the most exhaustive study of the British gambling industry's practices, growth and problems in more than 25 years.

The Rothschild report found, among other things, that 94% of the adult British population gambles at some time or other, 39% regularly. Happily the commission did not find that the national passion produced any harmful social or economic side effects. Rather, it suggested ways in which gambling could be more constructively channeled into socially beneficial directions. Noting that some London casino operations make 400% returns on their investments and that Ladbrokes, the best-known name in British bookmaking, doubles its profits every two years, the commission also pointed to the country's depleted coffers and held out the public hand for a larger share of the take. Among its 304 recommendations:

- ▶ A national lottery that would bring in an estimated \$75 million to be funneled to the arts, sport and other good causes.
- ▶ A 7.5% tax on every chip purchased for casino tables, with additional levies for big emporiums, thus bringing casino players into parity with betting-parlor habitués, who are already taxed.
- ▶ A required contribution of \$13 million a year by soccer-pool promoters to help the sport, among other ways, by supporting amateur clubs and combatting stadium

hooliganism. The commission also urged stricter control over commercial lotteries, which came in for the heaviest criticism: "The situation we have discovered is scandalous. There is wholesale disregard of the law, commercial exploitation to a totally unacceptable degree and, we strongly suspect, a good deal of plain dishonesty."

While being occasionally fleeced himself, it would appear the British bettor likes nothing more than to learn that gambling problems also occur in the best of families. Tabloid readers lapped up a recent court case involving the Duchess of Bedford's daughter-in-law, a sultry Iranian high roller named Kitty Milinaire, who in an epic three-year binge frittered away a \$6 million fortune at *chemin de fer*, blackjack and practically anything else at which she could try her diamond-decorated hand. Charged with stealing jewels taken out on approval from Cartier, Kitty, 39, was acquitted by a jury after her defense lawyer scored a decisive point: given her notoriety as a compulsive gambler, who could believe that a shrewd firm like Cartier would let her walk away with two rings and a diamond worth \$400,000?

Britons also reveled, mostly at a distance, in the opening last month in the venerable Ritz Hotel of London's newest and most elegant casino. More than 350 guests, including the Countess of Suffolk, the Baron de Montesquieu and the prince of thebesian cool, James Mason, consumed 300 lozenges, 25 lbs. of beluga caviar and 50 cases of Dom Perignon champagne while inaugurating wheels and tables that insouciantly accommodate \$8,000 wagers at a clip. "Nice, isn't it?" a Ritz entrepreneur observed demurely. "In London, there's something for everyone." ■



Bingo caller in Clapham Junction

A passion that produces no side effects.

Behavior

Jogging for the Mind

Running might cure the blahs

California Psychiatrist Thaddeus Kostrubala, 47, is a bald, intense man who for five years has practiced psychotherapy while jogging alongside his patients. Jogging, he says, makes people more talkative and breaks down the social barrier between a know-it-all therapist and a passive patient. But Kostrubala, a veteran marathoner and author of *The Joy of Running*, has a stronger reason for conducting his running dialogues: he thinks jogging is itself a form of therapy. So far he has trained two "running therapists" and claims some success in using jogging as a treatment for depression, drug addiction and schizophrenia. Says he: "I think this is a new and powerful way of reaching the unconscious."

The mystique of jogging, with its claims to work wonders for body and soul, has begun to invade American psychiatry. Some psychiatrists now routinely prescribe jogging instead of pills for moderate depression. Others use it to break down patients' defenses in talk therapy, and a few believe running produces chemical changes that help cure serious disorders. Jogging literature now features overblown claims for the method. *Runner's World* magazine says that Kostrubala may be "a therapeutic messiah who will lead the mentally disturbed out of the desert." Writer Valerie Andrews, in her forthcoming book, *The Psychic Power of Running*, argues that weekend jogging clinics "could well be the basis for the nation's first grass-roots movement in community mental health."

Several studies report that jogging works well for moderately depressed neurotics. In one test of 28 depressed patients, a team of psychiatrists and psychologists at the University of Wisconsin Medical School found that for most of them, 30 to 45 minutes of jogging three times a week was at least as effective as talk therapy. Psychiatrist Robert S. Brown of the University of Virginia at Charlottesville, who says it dawned on him one day that "no body jogging down at the track ever appeared depressed," finds that the exercise works better than pills in controlling depression. About 70% of all his patients, he says, are depressives, and all but 15% to 20% show "quick benefit" after only a week of running. Says U.C.L.A. Psychiatrist Ronald M. Lawrence: "Mild depression is more common than the common cold, but it can be markedly helped by slow endurance exercise."

Lawrence is founder and president of the American Medical Joggers Association, a group of 3,000 jogger-doctors. This fall he plans to start a Jungian talk-and-

jog therapy with neurotic patients on Malibu Beach, charging \$75 an hour. "Jogging is a way of reaching the unconscious rapidly," he says. "Man was meant to be a moving animal, but he's become sedentary. Distance running can bring us back to the basics of what we're here for." Lawrence has noticed that after 14 to 18 miles of a marathon, people often break down and cry, or babble to strangers about their childhood memories and problems—exactly the kind of breakthrough that conventional talk therapists look for.

Though there is no hard evidence, some jogger-doctors believe that running cures mental problems by changing the chemical composition of the body. A.H. Ismail, professor of physical education at Purdue University, reports "significant relationships" between changes in certain



Dr. Robert Brown jogging with a patient
Working wonders for soul and body.

hormone levels of joggers and improvements in emotional stability. Some critics think the joggers he studied, a group of out-of-shape professors, could have felt better simply because they were getting away from their desks for a change, but Ismail doubts that theory. Psychiatrist Brown thinks running fights depression by inducing chemical changes in the brain, and he is now working with researchers at the National Institute of Mental Health to test the theory.

But even convinced jogger-doctors are reserving final judgment on the running cure. Psychiatrist Jerome Katz of the Menninger Foundation says jogging makes patients more talkative and helps a bit with depression, but cautions that "the enthusiastic claims of instant cures of depression have to be evaluated with a great deal of salt." In the common-sense view, all exercise is likely to bring a tem-

porary feeling of well-being and a distraction from personal woes. Clinton Cox, a reporter for the New York *Daily News*, thinks he knows the real secret of the jogging cure. Says he: "It's almost impossible to worry about your job or other such mundane pursuits when your body is in total agony."

Am I Suicidal?

A computer may know

Can a computer predict suicide attempts? Better yet, can it do so as successfully as a therapist? On the basis of preliminary tests at the University of Wisconsin Medical School, the answer is a tentative yes.

That conclusion was reached after hundreds of depressed patients had been interviewed by a computer programmed by Psychiatrist John Greist and David Gustafson, professor of preventive medicine. In 72 of the cases, the computer predictions were compared with those made by therapists in traditional face-to-face interviews. The computer correctly identified the three patients who attempted suicide within 48 hours after their interviews. The therapists failed to predict any of the three attempts. One patient was about to be released when the computer determined that he had a gun, bullets and a precise suicide plan. In long-range predictions, covering nine months after the interviews, the computer identified 90% of the actual suicide attempts, compared with 30% for the therapists.

Greist believes it is the methodical and impersonal nature of computer interrogation that may make it more accurate. "Doctors are often reluctant to ask direct questions," he says. "Patients talk readily to doctors about chest pains and nosebleeds. But when the problem is homosexuality, illicit drug use or thoughts of suicide, the communication problem is serious."

Patients sit at a keyboard and punch out answers to questions on the screen of a computer terminal. For the early part of the interview, the computer is programmed to cajole and compliment the user ("You're a pro at using the terminal"). But when it is time for the crucial questions, the computer is blunt ("What are your chances of being dead from suicide one month from now?" "By what method do you plan to commit suicide?").

Though more than 1,000 U.S. institutions have computers that could use his program, Greist admits it will be difficult to get the medical profession interested. One indication: even in Greist's tests, some of the therapists screening patients that the computer had interrogated refused to analyze the [interview] print-outs. Their minds were already made up.

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California mileage is lower. That's according to EPA estimated mileage figures.

Your next move is to your local Dodge Dealer's. Where you can buy or lease a new Diplomat wagon.

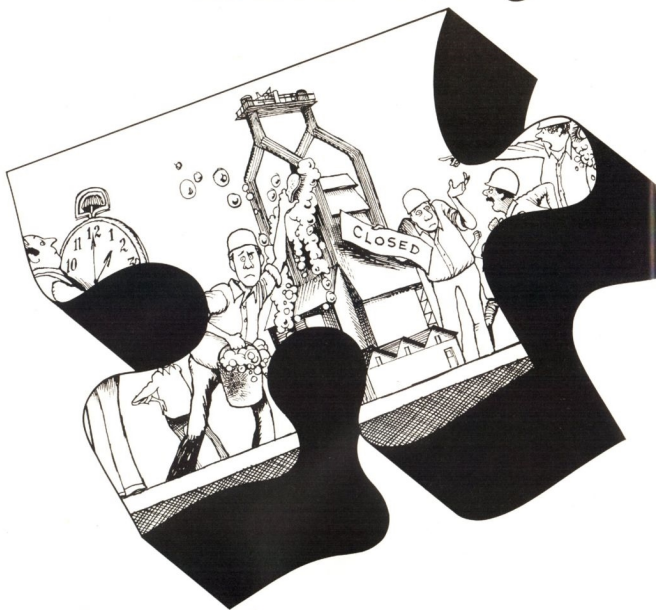


*Sticker prices, not including taxes and destination charges. †EPA estimates for 225 two-barrel, six-cylinder engine and manual transmission.



DODGE DIPLOMAT.

**Less rigid environmental
save steelworker jobs...
environmental goals.**



**Environmental common sense:
part of the solution to the steel industry puzzle.**

mandates can without forsaking

The job of controlling air and water pollution in the steel industry is a tough one. And the costs are inordinately high.

So far, Bethlehem has spent about \$550 million for hardware to clean up pollutants from the air and water we use. In addition, it costs us about \$75 million a year to operate and maintain these control facilities, including the cost of valuable energy.

We're proud of what we have accomplished. Today we have in place or in progress facilities and plans designed to effectively control the major sources of pollution at our operations.

But federal and state governments want us to do more.

The road gets rockier—and costlier

In order to comply with existing regulations, it is estimated that Bethlehem must spend about \$500 million more for environmental control. Grand total: more than \$1 billion. Our operating and maintenance costs will also increase as more control facilities are installed and as energy costs rise. *We have no clear estimate of what the ultimate tab will be. Nor does anyone else.*

Based on the scientific data available, we question the stringency of many of the mandates we currently face. In some cases, proven technology does not exist to do the job. It takes time and money to develop control mechanisms that will be effective. In other cases, it is simply not feasible to do what needs to be done to meet the required deadlines.

Jobs are at stake

Bethlehem is now spending 25% of its capital funds for environmental controls. During the

next five years, we expect this will increase to about 30%. Such capital investments do *not* produce income, but *do* increase the cost of making steel.

Expenditures like these erode the dollars we need to improve production facilities and provide job opportunities.

We are not crying "wolf"

Last year Bethlehem shut down certain facilities at our Johnstown and Lackawanna plants and laid off thousands of employees. That action was painful but necessary. Continued efforts to restore the profitability of these operations could not be justified—not when we included the huge expenditures for pollution controls that would have been required to continue operation of those facilities.

Action needed now

We support our nation's goals for clean air and water. And we endorse the recommendation of President Carter's Inter-Agency Task Force on Steel that calls for a review of EPA

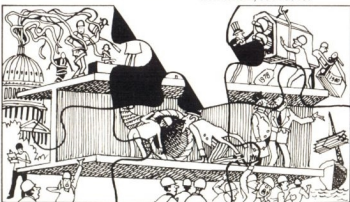
standards and regulations to provide more flexibility and to reduce barriers to steel industry modernization.

We also support the following: (1) rational enforcement of environmental laws and regulations; (2) greater flexibility in compliance timetables; (3) accurate determination of significant sources of pollution, their effect on public health, and the most cost-effective control techniques; (4) amortization of expenditures for pollution control facilities, including buildings, over any period selected by the taxpayer, including immediate write-off in the year the funds are expended.

Make your views known where they count

We believe a more reasonable balance between jobs and environmental cleanup is urgently needed. If you agree, tell that to your representatives in Washington and your state capital.

Bethlehem Steel Corporation,
Bethlehem, PA 18016.



Bethlehem 
In search of solutions.

New National Smoker Study:

"Wish I'd Tried One Sooner."



Low tar MERIT proven major alternative for high tar smokers—see results below.

Can low tar MERIT packed with 'Enriched Flavor' tobacco measure up to the taste expectations of current smokers of high tar cigarettes?

Read the results from a new, nationwide research effort involving smokers who actually tested MERIT against leading high tar brands.

Results Confirm Breakthrough

Confirmed: Majority of high tar smokers rate MERIT taste equal to—or better than—leading high tar cigarettes tested! Cigarettes having up to twice the tar.

Confirmed: Majority of high tar smokers confirm taste satisfaction of low tar MERIT.

And in detailed interviews conducted among current MERIT smokers?

Confirmed: 85% of MERIT smokers say it was

an "easy switch" from high tar brands.

Confirmed: Overwhelming majority of MERIT smokers say their former high tar brands weren't missed!

Confirmed: 9 out of 10 MERIT smokers not considering other brands.

First Major Alternative To High Tar Smoking

MERIT has proven conclusively that it not only delivers the flavor of high tar brands—but continues to satisfy!

This ability to satisfy over long periods of time could be the most important evidence to date that MERIT is what it claims to be: The first real taste alternative for high tar smokers.

© Philip Morris Inc. 1978

Kings: 8 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug '77
100's: 11 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

MERIT

Kings & 100's



Grown-up for her age as usual, Shields teams up with Easy Rider Fonda on the set of *Wanda Nevada*



Cher's mom makes a comeback

People

She is just sweet 13 but already **Brooke Shields** has played a prepubescent prostitute in **Louis Malle's** movie *Pretty Baby*. For her next role in *Wanda Nevada*, precocious Brooke is cast as an aspiring singer named Wanda who escapes from a Nevada orphanage and roams the West with a two-bit gambler named Baudray D'Emerillo (**Peter Fonda**). "I'm still playing the part of a girl who wants to be older, but this time there's none of that sex business involved," says Brooke. Even nicer, she has established a rapport with Co-Star Fonda, who also happens to be the director. "This is the first time I've worked with a director who is a good friend," says Brooke, adding with childlike logic: "Maybe it's because he's got children himself."

Was it a Greek myth? Absolutely, said acquaintances of the prospective bride. Not at all, insisted the bridegroom's mother. At issue: persistent rumors that Shipping Heiress **Christina Onassis**, 27, the twice-divorced daughter of the late **Aristotle Onassis**, will wed **Sergei Kauzov**, 37, a divorced former official of the Soviet ship-chartering agency Sovfracht, on Aug. 1, and settle down in Moscow. The couple are supposed to have met either in Moscow, where Christina negotiated the charter of her

ships to carry American grain to the U.S.S.R., or in Paris, where Kauzov was sent on business. When the Soviet government got wind of the romance, it is said, Kauzov was called home and fired. Later, Kauzov, who has a glass eye from a childhood accident, began supporting himself as an English tutor. When *TIME's* Moscow correspondent called Christina at the Intourist Hotel, she said firmly: "I have never talked to reporters, and I am not going to now."

After steering his newspaper into the ranks of the nation's best, Los Angeles *Times* Publisher **Otis Chandler** revved up for the different kind of contest: the Six Hours of Endurance race at Watkins Glen, N.Y. Making his professional track debut, Chandler, 50,

drove his own Porsche Turbo 935. "I had done some amateur racing, but I had never gone toe to toe with the world's greatest drivers," says Chandler. "It was much more than I had bargained for." Even so, the press lord is now feeling like a king of the pit: "I guess I kind of scored one for the amateurs and for the old folks," he boasts. Chandler's finishing position: a respectable No. 6 out of 52.

It is a tough act to follow, but Singer **Georgia Holt** is ready to face the music. Holt, nee Jackie Jean Crouch 51 years ago in Kensett, Ark., happens to be the mother of another warbler: **Cher**. When Mom took the mike at a West Hollywood nightclub, Studio One, last week, Cher and her sister, Actress **Georganne La**

Piere, were in the audience cheering wildly. For Holt, the stint was actually a refrain. As a youngster, she used to hit the notes on the radio and in saloons across the West. This time around, Holt has hopes of cutting an album and making it big. Says she: "I sound better on tape than in person."

On the Record

Joseph Califano, Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, giving an off-the-cuff modest appraisal of Jimmy Carter: "I think we are much better off with him as President than we would have been with the Republican opponent."

Patty Hearst, newspaper heiress convicted of bank robbery, joking about what she will do when she gets out of prison: "I'd really like to travel again—anywhere but Italy. There's too much kidnapping there."

General David Jones, the new Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff: "When I go to the Army-Navy game now, I've got to hope for a tie."



Newspaper Publisher Chandler accelerates on a different track



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NAMES
RABBIT
DIESEL
#1
IN ECONOMY.**

We always knew we made terrific economy cars.

Now it's official.

Because according to the figures published in the official 1978 EPA Mileage Guide, a Rabbit Diesel gets the highest mileage of any car in America: an incredible 53 MPG on the highway, and 40 MPG in the city.

(Of course, these estimates may vary depending on how and where you drive, optional equipment and your car's condition. That's also official.)

We could go on and on about all the innovations we've built into our newest Rabbit.

Like the fact that it goes on and on (amazingly!) without ever needing a major tune-up. (There are simply no spark plugs, points, condensers, or carburetors to tune.)

Our mechanical wizardry

doesn't stop with the engine either.

There's front-wheel drive for better tracking.

There's more room for people than 37 other cars you could buy.

And a Rabbit Diesel goes like a bat out of you-know-where. In fact, it set 31 world records for diesels on a track in Miramas, France.

Come test it for yourself.

For years we've built cars that use very little gas.

Now we've built one that doesn't use any at all.

**VOLKSWAGEN
DOES IT
AGAIN**



Medicine

Test-Tube Baby

Conceived in a laboratory

"All we want is to be a normal family. Having our own baby is our dearest wish." That sentiment has surely been voiced by many an expectant parent, and Gilbert John Brown, 38, a British truck driver, is no exception. His wife Lesley, 30, is scheduled to give birth shortly. All that seems commonplace. But the birth of the Browns' baby may well be the most sensational obstetrical event since the birth of the Dionne quintuplets in 1934. Reason: the child will be the world's first baby conceived in a test tube.

Under normal circumstances, pregnancy occurs when an ovum, or egg cell, released by a woman's ovary during ovulation is fertilized in the fallopian tube by a single sperm that has traveled up from the vagina. After the fertilized egg undergoes a number of cell divisions, the tiny clump of cells enters the uterus, where it burrows into the wall and develops until birth. But the Browns, married nine years, had been unable to conceive a child because of Lesley's faulty fallopian tubes. "Three years ago," Lesley says, "we were told that there was no chance that I could ever conceive."

Then, as a last resort, the couple went to Gynecologist Patrick Steptoe of Oldham General Hospital and Cambridge University Physiologist Robert Edwards, a highly respected pair of researchers who for more than a decade have been conducting painstaking experiments on *in vitro* (Latin for in glass) fertilization.

Details of what Steptoe and Edwards did to help the Browns are still sketchy. But published reports on their previous work indicate that they probably took the following course: sometime last November, Lesley Brown was given hormonal injections to stimulate maturation of her egg cells. Then, through a small

incision in her abdomen, the doctors removed one or more eggs from the ovary, placed them in a laboratory culture medium and exposed them to her husband's sperm. At least one egg was fertilized, and the resulting conceptus began to divide, first into two cells, then four, then eight, and so on. A few days later, the conceptus had reached the blastocyst stage: an aggregate of cells in the form of a hollow sphere. Ordinarily, fertilization and this initial division would take place as the egg traveled through the fallopian tube to the uterus. Thus it was at this point that the laboratory conceptus was introduced into Lesley Brown's womb.

Over the years, Steptoe and Edwards have tried this basic technique on a number of infertile women, but Brown is the only one to have carried her baby so close to full term. One British newspaper reported that at least another six women are expecting lab-conceived children within two months. Drs. Steptoe and Edwards say that the Brown "pregnancy is progressing well," but until the baby is born no one can be sure that it is normal.

If the technique produces a healthy infant and is repeatable, it will be a boon to many childless couples. But it will also intensify debate on the ethical implications of tampering with nature. Some observers are sure to see in the world's first test-tube infant visions of the baby hatcheries in Aldous Huxley's *Brave New World*.

The expected birth has already become a press circus. World rights to the couple's story and pictures of the baby have been auctioned off to the highest bidder, Britain's Associated Newspapers Group Ltd., for an estimated \$565,000.

As the birth watch began, the strain was beginning to tell on John Brown. Said he: "I didn't know we were to be the first, and if we are, I wish we weren't. God, I wish it were all over." For the Browns—mother, father and child—it is only the beginning.

Costly Hoax?

Scientist sues over clone book

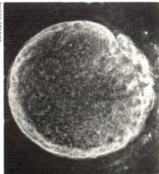
"The author assures us it is true. We do not know." Despite this weak disclaimer, J.B. Lippincott Co. last March published *In His Image* as nonfiction. The book, though dull and error filled, stirred immediate controversy by claiming that a baby boy cloned from an eccentric aging millionaire (and thus his genetic duplicate), by a doctor named "Darwin," was alive and well. Had Lippincott checked with any of the reputable scientists quoted in the book or even with the editors in its own medical book division, it would have known that the story was probably fraudulent; experts agree that no mammal has yet been cloned. Instead, the publisher depended entirely on the word of Author David Rorvik, a little-known freelancer whose credentials include naive articles about psychics and faith healers, and newsletters supporting the quack cancer drug Laetrile.

Now notice has been served on Rorvik and Lippincott—and, indirectly, on other authors and publishers—that it may well be costly to print as fact books that are fictitious or, even worse, hoaxes. Charging that Rorvik and Lippincott have done just that, Oxford University Geneticist J. Derek Bromhall last week filed a \$7 million libel suit against them. Bromhall, a respected scientist, notes that he would not have brought suit had *Image* been published as fiction. But as nonfiction, he says, the book has "defamed" him by quoting from his research "so as to create the impression that Bromhall was cooperating or in some way had helped and was vouching for the accuracy and credibility of the book." His suit, filed in U.S. district court in Philadelphia (Lippincott's headquarters), makes a further and novel demand; it seeks a court order forcing the author and publisher to admit that the book is "a fraud and a hoax" and that "no cloned boy exists."

Bromhall says he first heard of Rorvik in May 1977, when the author wrote to him saying, "I am working on a new book and wish to discuss in it some of the prospects of mammalian cloning." Bromhall promptly replied with a nine-page abstract of his doctoral thesis on cloning. But when *Image* was published, Bromhall found to his great surprise that the birth of the cloned boy had supposedly occurred five months before the date of Rorvik's letter. "If Rorvik's story were true," says Bromhall, "then by the time he wrote to me, he and 'the Darwin team' knew more about human cloning than anyone in the world. Then why did he ask my advice? The whole thing is so obviously untrue. We just must not allow this sort of hoax to pass by."



Gynecologist Steptoe and Physiologist Edwards



Human egg after fertilization

The most sensational obstetrical event since the Dionne quintuplets.

Education

Summer's Scholars

Climbing mountains and building houses for fun and credit

Hiking in the Himalayas, journalism in Jerusalem, fine arts in Florence. Exotic diversions? Not entirely. Overseas summer programs, once limited to dusty archaeological digs and guided museum hops, are turning higher education into high adventure. This year thousands of Americans are traveling abroad to take part in more than 400 U.S.-sponsored programs. Colleges throughout the country have found that with the scarcity of summer employment, students want to combine some solid learning with their summer fun. Better still, most of the courses offer credits toward degrees.

The opportunities are wide-ranging, from Michigan State's New Delhi-based seminar on the theaters of India and Southeast Asia to Boston University's program in Eastern Europe on film animation. Brown University sponsors the greatest adventure of all: a two-month course in the Himalayas called "Exploration." Under the supervision of a university geology professor, some 30 students study Indian history and languages, geology and mountain climbing. One special test: an expedition to the summit of 22,000-ft. Mount Devistan.

Some summer students give back to their host countries as much as they gain. Brigham Young University's "Project Guatemala" is more of a mission than a

course. For eight weeks, 44 students teach nutrition, agriculture and health care to Guatemalans. Last year engineering students built frame houses to replace dwellings that had been destroyed by the 1976 Guatemala City earthquake. Their reward: six to eight credits.

Many students use summer programs to make career decisions. An eleven-week

everyone else, I am looking for a good job when I graduate," Anthony admits. "I thought this program would give me a plus on my résumé."

For exposure to the rigors of a prospective career, Boston University's "Journalism in Jerusalem" program is hard to beat. During two months, 29 students are lectured on politics and history by Hebrew University faculty members, then tutored by Jerusalem *Post* staffers on news reporting. Their grades are partly based on the quality and number of stories they get published back home. Says Director Blaine Littell: "This program challenges the would-be journalist with almost every problem he is likely to encounter—language barriers, a volatile political system, some censorship, uneasy and unfriendly borders."

Such experience does not come cheaply. The Jerusalem program costs \$1,800 plus airfare; Brown's Himalayan adventure, \$3,000; and Union College's medical tour, \$2,550. Laments Edward Hackett of the University of Maine at Orono: "We used to have a good number of summer programs in foreign countries, but they all became too expensive." But nine students from Evergreen

State College in Washington seem to have found a way to have their foreign course without the high cost. They are traveling through France, Italy and England this summer studying medieval monuments—and saving money by sleeping in campgrounds and cooking their own meals. Estimated tab for two months including airfare: \$1,500. ■



Brown University explorers rest near the summit of Himalayan mountain
Traveling abroad to turn higher education into high adventure.

course offered by New York's Union College in Britain, Sweden and Poland gives 25 students a look at socialized medicine. "I want to see where U.S. medicine might be heading," says Junior Nathan Keever. Michigan State Junior Beth Anthony is spending four weeks studying the BBC and mass media in Britain under a program sponsored by her school. "Like

Milestones

SEPARATED. Pelé, 37, Brazilian soccer hero, from his wife **Rose**, 33, after twelve years of marriage, three children. Various commitments, such as running soccer camps and making TV commercials, are keeping the retired Cosmos star on the road. Said Pelé: "I have been traveling for 22 years. Rose says it has to stop, but I cannot."

DIED. **Thomas B. Hess**, 57, former editor of *Art News* magazine, who last February became chairman of 20th century art at the Metropolitan Museum; of a heart attack; in Manhattan. As art critic for *New York* magazine in the 1970s, Hess kept alive his romance with abstract expressionism.

DIED. **Henry Trefflich**, 70, the "Monkey King," who for 45 years imported wild animals to the U.S.; in Bound Brook, N.J. A flamboyant showman, Trefflich built a million-dollar-a-year business selling ex-

otic creatures from his four-story Lower Manhattan menagerie to scientists, movie-makers and carnival hucksters. Among his sales: Tarzan's chimp Cheeta and the monkeys used in breakthrough Rh (rhesus) factor research. Occasionally a restless snake would escape from Trefflich's store; once 100 monkeys created harmless havoc on Wall Street and made the headlines. Trefflich claimed the escape was accidental; skeptics abounded.

DIED. **John D. Rockefeller 3rd**, 72, philanthropist and patron of the arts, and the eldest of the five sons of Oil Tycoon John D. Rockefeller Jr.; in a car crash near the family's estate in Pocantico Hills, N.Y. (see NATION).

DIED. **Harold Rosenberg**, 72, author (*Saul Steinberg*, *Barnett Newman*) and art critic of *The New Yorker*; of a stroke, in Springs, N.Y. Rosenberg's essays on Pol-

lock, de Kooning, Gorky, Motherwell and Rothko, whom he called action painters, helped legitimize the first New York school of abstract expressionism in the '50s.

DIED. **Viscount Rothermere**, 80, Fleet Street press baron who presided over London's tabloid *Daily Mail*, the *Evening News* and more than 50 provincial sheets of the Associated Newspapers Group, Ltd., founded by his uncle Lord Northcliffe and his father; in London. After serving a decade as a Conservative M.P., Rothermere took over the family newspapers and remained a strong force in British journalism until he handed over control in 1971 to his son Vere Harmsworth (now also the chairman of *Esquire* magazine). Though Rothermere's ultra-Tory *Daily Mail* trails the late Lord Beaverbrook's *Daily Express*, it has a circulation of 1.9 million and stays well in the black.



It's never been easy to predict the energy of the future.

One hundred and fifty years ago, when our chief source of fuel was wood, few people guessed it would someday be coal.

Seventy five years ago, when we depended mainly on coal, few people foresaw our present dependence on petroleum.

Now, as petroleum becomes more difficult to find, it's similarly difficult to predict the energy of the future.

But one thing seems certain: The next several generations will be characterized by the use of *many* forms of energy—some familiar and some new.

Today, Conoco produces oil, natural gas, coal and uranium. And what we learn from this effort helps us develop tomorrow's energy. For instance, we're working on ways to change coal into other useful forms, such as synthetic gas and oil.

Thus we can help bridge the time gap until still newer forms of energy, such as solar, can make an important contribution.

At Conoco, we're not certain what the future of energy will be. But we're helping create it.



Doing more with energy.

To learn more about what we're doing with energy, write Dept. F, Continental Oil Company, Stamford, Conn. 06904.

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Follow the Canadian Superstar.

Spreading Oil Scandals

They could involve billions of dollars

Over lunch in Houston, a prominent lawyer voiced a highly unusual complaint. Business was so good, he said, that his firm was turning away many potential clients, sending them as far away as Washington and New York for counsel. The reason: so many oilmen are involved in the fast-widening scandal of illegally selling low-priced "old" oil as expensive "new" oil that Houston's attorneys cannot take on new clients without becoming involved in conflicts of interest. Says one Houston oil consultant: "It's such an interwoven web that I doubt there is anybody in town who is not going to be touched by it."

The oilmen have reason to worry. After months of slow, top-secret investigations by the Justice Department, the Department of Energy, a congressional subcommittee and several grand juries, a long list of allegations is about to be aired. So far, most of the charges are believed to center not on the big oil majors but on relatively smaller independents. Criminal indictments are expected to be handed down for prosecution in coming months against both companies and individuals.

Investigators are considering pressing charges under the racketeering statutes that until now have been used largely against organized crime; they provide for a longer statute of limitations, stiff penalties and the recovery of profits illegally gained. These sums, estimates one federal official who has been kept informed of the investigations, could amount to billions of dollars.

There are three broad, often overlapping categories of investigation:

Old oil as new. In mid-1973, the Government set up a two-tier price structure that established a low rate (now \$5.34 per bbl.) for old oil already in production and, as an incentive for exploration, a higher price (now \$11.87) for new finds. Under near wartime security in Houston, the Justice Department and six FBI agents are looking into charges that oil companies camouflaged the origins of old oil and sold it as new crude.

The Department of Energy has already audited about a dozen companies for violations and has turned over its dossiers on at least three companies to the Justice Department for possible criminal prosecution. The records of 73 more companies in the Houston area are yet to be audited by the Government. In addition, the Justice Department is conducting an investigation, code-named Project X, into possible price manipulations by a major U.S. oil company.

Estimates of the total old-to-new switch range from 100,000 to 500,000 bbl. a day, with illegal profits running at around \$6.50 per bbl. The mechanics of the switch are easy: all oil looks the same, and it is just a matter of falsifying paper work to hide its origins. The risks of being caught have been small—up to now. As one federal investigator told *TIME* Correspondent Rudolph Rauch: "All an oil guy had to do was look at the enforcement procedures and laugh."

"Daisy chains." Justice Department and FBI oil-fraud "strike forces," working with at least one grand jury in Tampa,

has become increasingly unhappy with the glacial pace with which first the DOE and now the Justice Department have pursued their parallel investigations into the new-for-old and the daisy-chain swindles. Investigators for the House Subcommittee on Energy and Power are looking into the possibility that there might have been outright collusion between some of the probes and the probed, even though oilmen argue that the delays were probably caused by DOE understaffing and inefficiency. Says Michael Barrett, a subcommittee counsel: "Some of these cases were ready to go two years ago, and we certainly intend to look at the practices of the Houston DOE office."

The subcommittee is also concerned that two federal energy officials became so frustrated by foot-dragging and the lack of support from their superiors that they complained publicly. A former auditor of the old Federal Energy Administration,



Fla., are also looking into pricing swindles carried out by fuel brokers and oil companies. Some oilmen and brokers conspired to sell and resell refined oil several times among themselves, each time at a higher price with large kickbacks, before finally passing it on to an end user, who was either part of the conspiracy or especially gullible.

The sales involved only a piece of paper being shuffled between desks; the actual oil never changed location. The most celebrated case to date involved the rip-off of Florida Power for as much as \$8.5 million. Since that fraud was made public last August by the *St. Petersburg Times*, FBI agents have uncovered but not yet publicly identified other daisy chains, some apparently centering in Houston. Grand juries are said to be probing into these operations.

Cover-ups and long delays. Congress

Dale Kuehn, went public to describe how his memos suggesting that cases should be "prosecuted with dispatch" were habitually ignored. A DOE investigator, Joe McNeff, went to the subcommittee in June; he said he found in Houston "\$1 billion worth of fraud, four auditors, no secretary and no support."

Other federal investigators insist that there has been no foot-dragging and no cover-up. "The investigation is just complicated," says J.A. ("Tony") Canales, the U.S. Attorney for Houston. "You're damn right it is being done in unusual secrecy. I don't want to hurt anybody who is innocent. We are conducting an investigation with the FBI into certain business entities involved in the reselling of oil. I am informed that there were some 60 or 70 such businesses created almost overnight. Not all are under investigation, of course, but the investigation is mushrooming."

Energy

Dry Holes and Discoveries

Some suggestions of success on both sides of the Atlantic

Some of the riskiest gambling anywhere is not in Atlantic City, N.J., but in a rough region 75 miles or more to the east. There, 39 companies have anted up \$1.1 billion for leases to drill for oil and gas deep under the sea. While there is nearly a fifty-fifty chance of winning at blackjack, the odds of striking black gold offshore are 1 in 10—and there have been a lot of losers. Last month Continental Oil Co., having drilled a 12,000-ft. dry hole in the Baltimore Canyon off the Jersey shore, capped the test site and wrote off the \$4 million loss. Last week Shell Oil, along with eight partners, having drilled deeper (14,000 ft.) and spent more (\$6 million) at a nearby site, said that it too had struck a "duster."

But, incurable gamblers that they are, oilmen seldom quit. Shell is moving its rig southward and, along with a group of 18 partners, will sink a second well, to a planned 16,000 ft. Mobil, Exxon and Texaco are pressing ahead with test borings of their own. They recognize that a few disappointments should not cause

them to give up the search at sea. So far, only two test wells—the Conoco and Shell dry holes—have been drilled to completion in the Baltimore Canyon. By comparison, at least eleven were sunk into Alaska's North Slope before a good find was made. In the North Sea, it took 50 false starts, and in oil-rich Western Canada the number reached 133.

Last week Texaco issued a cautious statement suggesting that it might be close to a find at 15,000 ft. in a Baltimore Canyon test site that it shares with several partners, including Getty Oil, Sun Oil and Allied Chemical. The company stressed that no firm conclusions could be drawn from its samples, but the mere hint of a strike sent Texaco's stock up 2½ points, to 26½.

Across the Atlantic, a stock market flurry was touched off in London by reports that British Petroleum had discovered a potentially huge field. It is in a lightly explored region 30 miles west of the Shetland Islands, which are off the Scottish coast and far distant from Britain's already rich North Sea fields. BP, which shares the site with Chevron, Imperial Chemical Industries and the British National Oil Corp., confirmed that it had hit oil but reported that it did not know how much. Independent oil brokers in Scotland, who claimed to have received reports directly from the rigs, said that the field could contain as much as 13 billion bbl., nearly as much as Alaska's North Slope. By comparison, Britain's North Sea fields are thought to contain anywhere from 19 billion to 30 billion bbl.

An executive of the state-run British National Oil Corp. was convinced that there is a huge lode of oil in the Shetlands area, but agreed with other petroleum experts that it would take several years to develop the technology to exploit it. Reason: initial samples show it to be much heavier and more viscous than North Sea oil, and therefore more expensive to raise and refine.



Setting up the Conoco rig that later struck a dry hole. Right: map of hot exploration area

There have been a lot of losers, but those incurable gamblers seldom quit.



Kernels mixed with coal at Indiana plant

Coal on the Cob

A corny idea pays off

They laughed when Indiana Senator Richard Lugar suggested during last winter's coal strike that Americans take a lesson from Depression farmers and burn corn on the cob. But not everyone rejected his idea as farfetched. For the past two months, the Logansport, Ind., Municipal Utilities Group has been producing electricity by burning a mixture of 80% coal and 20% shelled, dried seed corn.

Though an earlier, similar experiment by an Iowa utility ended abruptly when worries arose over the burning of a corn fungicide, LMU has not met any environmentalist opposition. The corn "burns" cleanly and has no detectable emissions," says Edwin McDivitt, 49, manager of utilities for LMU and the driving force behind the idea. He adds: "It would be nice to say that we did it for environmental reasons, but I got into it to save a buck."

The economies from burning the surplus grain, which is too old to be planted and is good only for fertilizer or landfill, can be large. LMU paid \$11 a ton for its initial order of 650 tons of corn, and got an average heat output of 14 million BTUs per ton. Coal, by comparison, costs on the average \$24 a ton and gives off no more than 23 million BTUs. The math works out to a 23% saving when corn is used.

LMU has bought another 2,000 tons of corn for burning over the next six months. There is not enough surplus old seed corn for it ever to become a major fuel source, but the Department of Energy has commissioned an investigation into corn and other potential emergency fuels. Meanwhile, in Jerry Brown's California, energy advisers are looking into a variety of other alternatives, including walnut shells and rice husks.

'Smoking. Here's what I'm doing about it.'

"I like the taste of a good cigarette
and I don't intend to settle for less.

But I'm aware of what's being said.

So I began searching for
a cigarette that could give
me the taste I like with less tar.

I found Vantage. A cigarette that
really gives a lot of taste. And with
much less tar than what I'd
smoked before.

"What am I doing about smoking?
I'm smoking Vantage."

H. S. Cooper

G.S. Cooper
Edmonds, Washington



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

FILTER 100's: 10 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, FILTER, MENTHOL:
11 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAY '78.

Show Business

Dyan for Some Laughs

Cannon roars back again

Tricked out once more as the amiably inept Chief Inspector Clouseau, Peter Sellers is bungling his way into *Le Club Foot*, a Paris disco frequented by dope dealers. Just then a blonde plunges out, struggling to escape a nasty-looking killer. She trips over Clouseau, which is lucky for him. She turns out to be Simone Le Gree, the former mistress-secretary of France's drug kingpin, who is out to get Clouseau. Since she is also out to get her boss, who has dropped her, she becomes the inspector's sexy sidekick in *Revenge of the Pink Panther*, the fifth entry in this continuing Sellers market of laughs.

Clouseau's helpmate is a comic actress who once seemed to have quit movies altogether: Dyan Cannon. But after a four-year absence, she is reveling in the kind of role she plays best: a particularly tart (and tartish) genus of smart dumb blonde. Besides appearing in *Panther*, she nearly steals Warren Beatty's box-office smash *Heaven Can Wait*, playing the spacy wife who drips diamonds and drops crudities as she plots Beatty's murder.

Now in her early 40s (she refuses to divulge her age), Cannon's screen trademark is an odd but appealing mix of sensuality and wacky spontaneity. Says Paul Mazursky, who directed her in *Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice*: "She has this strange sexuality, which has the slightest edge of being funky, and this humor." She is the exact opposite of a gently provocative Diane Keaton, much more like a latter-day Judy Holliday (but brassier). Cannon downright dares to be vulgar. Says Buck Henry, co-director (with Beatty) of *Heaven Can Wait*: "She's successful because she's not afraid to make a fool of herself."

Although Cannon has made several sexpotboilers, she has also given some impressive performances. She received an Oscar nomination for her portrayal in *Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice* in 1969 of the well-stacked wife who turns uptight when her husband (Elliott Gould) and friends start to dabble in swinging sex. In *The Last of Sheila* (1973), she did a fine, funny job as a bitchy Hollywood talent.

The Last of Sheila was almost the last of Cannon—for a while, anyway. Her private life was on the skids. After a grim 1969 divorce from Cary Grant and experiments with acid and mesaline, she tried all sorts of trendy emotional cures, including Esalen and primal-scream therapy. Cannon even installed a padded howling room in her Spanish-style home in Malibu. Eventually she decided to drop out of movies for a spell. "It used to be devastating for me to finish anything—the



Cannon in her *Pink Panther* role: wearing black wig as disguise; with Sellers; as blonde

That out-of-control feeling, plus a sexuality that has a touch of the funky.



Curled up in the hammock at home in Malibu

last five pages of a book, an affair or a film," she recalls. "I'd come home and feel like I wanted to die."

The recovery began when she rebelled against all the far-out treatment she was taking, which seemed based on the notion that "you have to suffer to feel good." One morning she decided, "Enough! No more time to feel bad. It's time now just to enjoy." In one new venture, she directed a short film called *Number One*, which wound up as an Oscar nominee last year. She jogs and rides (bikes and horses) with Jennifer, 12, her daughter with Grant. She drinks nothing stronger than Perrier water. An old Bible sits by her bed—a vestige of her childhood days near Seattle, where she was raised by a Jewish mother and a Baptist father.

Not that she is staid. The focal point of her home is her bedroom, decorated in neosham. The floor is covered with rugs and silk pillows; when guests are around, Dyan is apt to hold forth from a hammock hung from the ceiling, and ramble on in an idiom that is alternately hip ("You're lookin' good, Mama") and psycho-pop ("If it isn't it, it isn't").

Cannon's next venture is an NBC movie about Sally Stanford, the San Francisco madam turned mayor of Sausalito, to be aired next season. She also has a deal to produce and direct a film for Twentieth Century-Fox. As she says, it's time to enjoy. ■

Sport

Pawns and Politics in Baguio City

A bitter battle in the "gymnasium of the mind"

It is just a game, and it is a long way from Moscow. But for the Kremlin, the world chess championship beginning in the Philippine mountain resort of Baguio City this week is a grudge match involving national pride and politics. Philippines President Marcos had spent a fortune providing a new 1,000-seat amphitheater and other facilities for the event. As newsmen and chess aficionados from all over began to gather, much of the early betting was not on who would win but on just how many of the Soviets accompanying Anatoly Karpov, 27, the slim, intense defending champion from Leningrad, were actually intelligence agents. The chief of the Russian group, Victor Baturinsky, an ex-KGB colonel who heads the Soviet Chess Federation, was surely not saying—and would scarcely let Karpov utter a word either. "We are here to play chess, not to talk," he scowled to newsmen. "Even in the Soviet Union, we have to hide him from being bothered."

The Soviet skittishness is understandable. Ideologically, the stakes in Baguio City are even higher than they were in Iceland six years ago, when Bobby Fischer came out of Brooklyn to whip Boris Spassky and temporarily break the long Soviet domination of the game that Lenin himself consecrated as "a gymnasium of the mind." Defending the Soviet honor this time is Karpov, a onetime prodigy who inherited the world title in 1975, when Fischer failed to defend it,* and is now a major Soviet hero, complete with membership on the Young Communist League's central committee. But facing him, in a duel that could take two grueling months to play out, is, of all things, a Soviet defector: Victor Korchnoi, 47, a tempestuous, irritable man who narrowly lost to Karpov in a 1974 Moscow match. He blamed his defeat on harassment by Soviet officialdom, and later sought asylum in The Netherlands, leaving behind a wife and child. (He eventually moved to West Germany, then Switzerland.)

Tass has blasted him for being "obsessed with vanity." Korchnoi, for his part, has said that he sees Baguio as a "political challenge," and is eager to take

on an opponent "who licks the boots of the authorities."

During the 1974 match, a 24-game marathon that Karpov won by the slimmest of margins, Korchnoi complained bitterly about Karpov's habit of staring intently at him across the board. By the end of their exhausting nine-week battle, recalled one spectator, "they were like two boxers after 15 rounds, leaning against each other, hardly able to move."

Though they are a generation apart, Korchnoi and Karpov both grew up in Leningrad, and both are products of the vast Soviet chess bureaucracy. The U.S.S.R. promotes the game as "a weapon of intellectual culture." A network of chess clubs has produced, at latest count, 4 million players, among them 608 masters and 38 grand masters.

The two men's playing styles could scarcely be more different. Korchnoi belongs to the stormier tradition of such legendary grand masters as the impulsive Alexander Alekhine, who once resigned a game by hurling his king across the room.

Today, Korchnoi is the Lear of chess: pacing and grimacing, given to lavish tirades and, on occasion, paranoia. During a qualifying match with Spassky earlier this year, he accused his opponent of inducing hallucinations via hypnosis, and even suspected microwaves had been employed to destroy his concentration. In Baguio City last week he demanded the right to bring to the match a fountain pen-sized device designed to detect "X rays, gamma rays and other radiation."

Karpov, the second-youngest world champion ever, is less conservative than he used to be, but still resorts to what one commentator calls "the box constrictor style," lying in wait for his opponent to err. Spassky describes Karpov as one of a new generation of "realists" in chess: "We followed imagination, often pursuing phantasms, but Karpov will only deal with what is concretely in front of him."

Karpov is also one of the fastest players around, while Korchnoi is very slow; he has lost matches for failing to make the stipulated 40 moves in five hours of play. In Baguio City, the first player to win six games takes the match; since draws are frequent in top-level play, the men will need both ample patience and stamina. To keep in shape, Korchnoi jogs daily; his diet includes health foods and Iranian caviar—of which he has imported enough to last 30 games. Karpov, whom one observer likened to "a Boy Scout," swims, rows and does calisthenics. Many experts believe that Korchnoi's game has improved since his defection, and that the frail Karpov could be worn down physically if the match goes on for very long. Still, he is the favorite: he has won 13 of the 16 tournaments he has entered since he became champion, and has lost only six of 187 games.

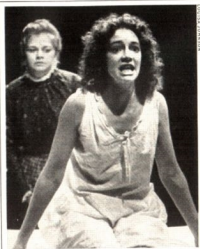
More than prestige rides on the outcome at Baguio City. Karpov, if he is victorious, would have to turn perhaps half his \$350,000 winner's share of prize money over to the Soviet government. But that should not hurt too much, given the amenities made available to him, which include a chauffeur-driven Mercedes. For Korchnoi, who lives modestly in Wohlen, Switzerland, and earns some \$3,000 a month from exhibitions and tournaments, the money would come in handy, especially should he lose a \$100,000 breach of contract suit being brought against him by his ex-manager. But his main goal is less political than personal: to avenge his earlier defeat and vindicate himself before the Soviet chess machine that spurned him.



The 1974 match in Moscow: Karpov paces, Korchnoi ponders

Between rounds, charges of "vanity" and "licking boots."

*Fischer has not played at the world class level since 1972, and has most recently been in the news as a result of his involvement with the Worldwide Church of God, a California-based Fundamentalist group.



Guy and Dowling in *Awakening*

Theater

Young Blood

SPRING AWAKENING
by Frank Wedekind

Pity the adolescent caught between the grip of nature and the vise of society. At puberty, nature rushes him toward sexual awareness. Society puts up a fence of conventions. In this play, written in repressively conventional 1891 by German Playwright Frank Wedekind, some of the adolescents are impaled on the fence.

With an aptly symbolic hand, the brilliant Rumanian director-designer Liviu Ciulei has erected a high mesh screen across the middle of Joseph Papp's off-Broadway Public Theater. All scenes of institutional ritual occur behind it. Before it is a leafy ground of freedom where the high school children escape to their forbidden trysts and utter the long and sometimes lustrous thoughts of youth.

Ignorance leads to tragedy. Melchior (Boyd Gaines), an iconoclast-charmer, imparts some explicit sexual information to his friend, the ironically self-deprecating Moritz (Richard Frank). Flunking, engulfed in guilt, though innocent of sin, Moritz commits suicide. Avid for love, woefully unprepared by her mother (Rebecca Guy), Wendla (Kathryn Dowling) becomes pregnant by Melchior and dies during an abortion.

In bare recital, this scants the joy and tenderness which British Playwright Edward Bond's adaptation squeezes from Wedekind's text, and Ciulei's gift for mocking that hollow army of unalterable law made up of parents and teachers.

This production has been transplanted from the Juilliard Theater Center, and to judge by the cast, the school is nurturing some of the best and the brightest in their craft.

—T.E. Kalem

Cinema

Slow Trot

INTERNATIONAL VELVET

Directed and Written by Bryan Forbes

Now that Tatum O'Neal is no longer a kid, what is to be done with her? At 14, this actress is too old to make another *Paper Moon* or *Bad News Bears*, yet too young to sashay about in an R-rated remake of *Gidget Goes Hawaiian*. Tatum is in a real fix, all right, and *International Velvet* doesn't offer her any help.

In this sweet-spirited but misconceived film, she must play a bratty child who evolves into an 18-year-old bride by the final credits. She loses all the way around. When acting younger than her age, Tatum all too consciously plays a role; both Lily Tomlin and Gilda Radner can impersonate little girls better than she can. As an 18-year-old, Tatum is ridiculous. Her body has matured a bit, but she still has a way to go before she can pass for a sexually aware young woman. With her cherubic face and light voice, she even lacks Brooke Shields' ability to portray jailbait.

Poor Tatum is not totally responsible for the failings of *International Velvet*. A belated sequel to *National Velvet* (1944), the movie has a leaden gait that no actress could quicken. The blame belongs to Writer-Director Bryan Forbes, who seems to be unduly embarrassed about making a horse-race picture. Rather than tell his hokey story in a crisp manner, he has gussied up the action with dreary psychological motifs and pseudoliterary writing. *International Velvet* should have had the exhilarating spirit of the recent quarter-horse-race film, *Casey's Shadow*—or

at least the plodding charm of *National Velvet* itself. More often than not, Forbes' movie looks like a ponderous heterosexual rejoinder to *Equus*.

As the original Velvet Brown, the young and glorious Elizabeth Taylor ran her horse Pie to victory in England's Grand National. Now, Velvet is a high-strung middle-aged woman (Nanette Newman) who lives in sin with a blocked novelist known as John (Christopher Plummer). Tatum plays Sarah Velvet Brown, a recently orphaned niece who arrives from Arizona to live with her aunt. Once she meets Pie's latest foal, history very slowly but surely repeats itself.

Unfortunately, Sarah's path to an Olympics gold medal is strewn with Freudian booby traps. Aunt Velvet, it seems, has still not recovered from a miscarriage she suffered after being thrown by Pie years earlier. John has not only problems at the typewriter but a pathological fear of marriage. Both these characters discuss their neuroses at great length, often in voice-over narration that accompanies Forbes' extensive travelogue footage of British scenic vistas. Young Sarah, meanwhile, finds herself unable to make friends among her peers. In one gratuitously jarring incident, a cruel classmate presents her with a dismembered Vietnamese finger as a practical joke.

When the Olympics sequences finally arrive, they clear the movie's air. The horses take spectacular yet graceful leaps. Humans come off less well: with the exception of Anthony Hopkins as an Olympic team trainer, all the performances are flat. It's particularly sad that Elizabeth Taylor was unavailable to resume the role of Velvet. Even at her latter-day worst, she's a far more compelling presence than Nanette Newman. Better still, she might have given Tatum more than a few pointers about how to grow up gracefully on the big screen.

—Frank Rich



Tatum O'Neal in *International Velvet*
Losing everything but the Olympics.

Memory Lanes

THE BUDDY HOLLY STORY

Directed by Steve Rash

Screenplay by Robert Gittler

If Hollywood keeps going at its present rate, rock stars may soon become the most ubiquitous movie folk heroes since cowboys had their heyday. Already this year we have seen films about the rise of '50s Deejay Alan Freed (*American Hot Wax*), the advent of the Beatles (*I Wanna Hold Your Hand*) and the swan song of The Band (*The Last Waltz*). Now comes *The Buddy Holly Story*, a biopic about the pioneer rocker who died in a plane crash at age 22 in 1959. In many ways this film resembles the rest of the crop: it is rousing, if imperfect entertainment that treats its hero as a full-fledged saint. But in box office terms, *The Buddy*



Portland, Me.



Fort Worth, Tex.



Portland, Oreg.



Windsor, Conn.



Sylvania, Ohio



Jacksonville, Fla.



Commerce City, Colo.



Savannah, Ga.



Crow, Mont.



Wilson, N.C.



Lenexa, Kans.



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Cinema

Holly Story could be the breakthrough movie of its burgeoning genre. This is the first rock film that calculatedly aims to please middle-aged viewers as well as kids.

Its loud, hard-driving music notwithstanding, *The Buddy Holly Story* is at heart a very old-fashioned film. As Robert Gittler's fictionalized script follows Holly's rise from obscurity in Lubbock, Texas, to national superstardom, it embraces all the romantic clichés of showbiz success sagas. Holly (Gary Busey) leaves behind his suffocating small-town girlfriend (Amy Johnston) to seek the bright lights of New York; he overcomes early rejection to become the toast of the record industry; he outgrows his original back-up musicians (Don Stroud, Charlie Martin Smith) and creates a revolutionary new sound. By the time Holly meets his tragic end (leaving behind a nation of fans and a pregnant wife), the film could well be a remake of *Night and Day* or *The Glenn Miller Story*. Gittler has even more nostalgic affection for the gloss of '40s movies than he does for the beat of '50s music.

What prevents *The Buddy Holly Story's* sentimentality from becoming obnoxious is the conviction with which the movie has been made. Except for a chaotic and enervating final 20 minutes, this



Gary Busey as Buddy Holly

'40s movies meet '50s rock.

film runs on its naive energy. Director Steve Rash milks every corny moment without being brazenly manipulative, and he bathes every shot in oldtime Technicolor glamour. His best scenes actually cut to the meaning of Holly's career. There is a superb opening sequence, set in a desolate Texas roller rink, where Hol-

ly suddenly segues from a tame Les Paul-Mary Ford hillbilly song into a hard bopping number. As the music brings the singer and his audience to life, we begin to see how rock unleashed the nation's sexuality. Later on, the film captures the rigors of the road, the vicissitudes of the fledgling rock industry and, best of all, Holly's role in bridging the gap between the white and black music of his day. When the hero leads an infectious jam session at Harlem's Apollo Theater, the walls of cultural segregation almost tangibly tumble down.

Gary Busey, himself a part-time rock musician with Leon Russell's band, delivers Holly's hits adequately; his *That'll Be the Day* falls only when compared point-blank with the original. As an actor, Busey comes into his own this time around, after a career of character roles in little-seen films (*Straight Time*, *The Last American Hero*). Whether he is playing Holly as a hick in the big city or a lovesick husband or a teen-age idol, Busey always seems convincing. He brings a swagger to the musical numbers and an engaging buck-toothed charm to the script's dramatic moments. Maybe the real Holly was someone else entirely, but Busey is certainly the right man for this paradoxical film. He is at once sexy enough to turn on the young and sweet enough to bring home to Mother.

— F.R.

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To monitor them properly you have to keep track of as many as 16 life signs. Pulse, blood pressure and the like.

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Who knows how many divers will someday owe their lives to this monitoring system? Hundreds, perhaps thousands.

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ideas that help people.

Economy & Business

Upheaval in the House of Ford

A bruising battle ends with the dramatic firing of an industry titan



Smiles mask growing hostility as Henry Ford II (right) announces the restructuring of President Lee Iacocca's job at a 1977 press conference

Power struggles are nothing new at Ford Motor Co., but the one that climaxed last week was a stunner. After weeks of futile maneuvering to save his job, Lee Iacocca, 53, the hard-driving, cigar-chomping president of the world's fourth largest manufacturing company, found himself quite bluntly sacked by his equally tough-minded boss, Chairman Henry Ford II. It was the culmination of months of behind-the-scenes quarreling between two of the auto industry's most respected—and often feared—executives. The end came for Iacocca following a day of stormy meetings of the ten-member organization committee of the company's outside directors at Ford's headquarters in Dearborn, Mich. Afterward, Iacocca denied widely published reports that he had asked his boss, "I have been with the company 32 years. What have I done wrong?" And that Ford had replied, "I just don't like you." In fact, Ford was recently heard to say, "I haven't liked you for two years."

The icily frank appraisal, like a line out of *Wheels*, sums up a relationship between two strong-willed men that was never warm and has been deteriorating for several years. "The body chemistry wasn't right," said Henry W. Gadsden, one of the several outside directors who hoped that the president could stay on. Both Ford and Iacocca can be at times

charming, abrasive, cordial and arch. A clash of their personalities was all but inevitable from the moment that Ford, the celebrated heir who liked to remind subordinates that "my name is on the building," elevated Iacocca, the ambitious hired manager, to president in 1970. Early rumors to have the inside track on the job of chief executive upon Ford's retirement at the age of 65 in 1982, Iacocca made the mistake of encouraging subordinates to regard him as the dauphin. That did not sit well with Chairman Ford, who thought that Iacocca had too many rough edges, and whose company has always been headed by a member of the first family of American industry.

Ford has grown increasingly preoccupied with providing for an orderly transition before the eventual takeover of his job by another Ford—most likely his only son, Edsel, 29, an executive of Ford of Australia Ltd. The first open signs of Henry Ford's determination to nudge Iacocca aside came 15 months ago. In a maneuver that infuriated Iacocca, who throughout his presidency had alone reported directly to the chairman, Ford set up a three-man "office of the chief executive" composed of himself, Iacocca and Vice Chairman Philip Caldwell, 57.

The change diluted Iacocca's control

over day-to-day operations, and sent him on a supersecret scouting mission for a possible job as assistant and heir apparent to J. Stanford Smith, chief executive of International Paper Co. The talks came to nothing. Iacocca's role at Ford was reduced still further only a month ago when Ford expanded the office of the chief executive to include his brother William Clay Ford, 53, owner of the Detroit Lions football team. At the time the internal structure of the office was modified so that Iacocca could no longer report to the chairman at all but instead had to deal through Caldwell.

In the past several weeks, Iacocca launched a fevered campaign to gather support from among the company's outside directors. Though some backed him, it was a pointless effort, since the chairman has the power to pick whomever he wishes as president.

Iacocca has been one of the most skillful managers in the auto industry's modern history. His quick decisions and his flair for styling not only brought him a spectacular rise at Ford in the early 1960s but was a key reason that the company overcame its stodgy image of earlier years. He made the Falcon a hot seller by adding bucket seats and a bigger engine as an option, captured a large piece of the youth market by making Ford cars conspicuous on the racing circuit. He is

proudest of his revitalization of the company's dealer network, but industry historians may remember him most for the Mustang. He helped design the sporty car for Everyman with his own hands, and put it into production in 1964. By personally orchestrating a snappy marketing campaign, Iacocca logged 418,000 Mustang sales in the first year, still a record for new models.

The company that he leaves is in fine shape (last year sales jumped from \$29 billion to \$38 billion, and earnings rose from \$983 million to \$1.7 billion), but it will miss Iacocca's talents. Warned Ed Mulane, president of the Ford Dealer Alliance, which represents 1,200 car and truck outlets: "Iacocca is the only guy with charisma. He was able to slot in the right product at the right time."

In the past year the company has also been distracted by a series of lawsuits and reported scandals. Executives are worried by persistent rumors within the company that one top official may have misused hundreds of thousands of dollars in business-related travel expenses. In a totally unrelated matter, Henry Ford himself last month became the subject of a bizarre stockholder lawsuit by New York Attorney Roy Cohn, which accused Ford and other company officers of taking \$750,000 in illegal kickbacks from a catering concern, Canteen Corp., a charge that Ford denies vigorously. The Justice Department is also investigating allegations that Ford executives paid \$900,000 to an Indonesian government official in return for an aerospace communications contract.

On top of that, Iacocca's firing could lead to further departures by managers. Almost always when a top executive is removed, his close supporters and recruits become vulnerable. Chairman Ford is said to be looking closely at a number of General Motors executives to replace some Iacocca loyalists. The automakers may be in for a period of industry-wide executive raiding.

Iacocca is not the first mighty executive to be cast off by Henry Ford II. When Ford was only 27, he led other family members in a celebrated coup that forced his aged and autocratic grandfather, the original Henry Ford, to relinquish power. Then, in a series of historic confrontations in 1945, he forced the resignation of Director Harry Bennett, who to keep his own *de facto* control over the company had surrounded himself with a gang of hired thugs. In 1969 Ford unceremoniously canned President Semon ("Bunky") Knudsen, in large part at the urging of Iacocca, who was Knudsen's rival for power. When asked why he was letting Knudsen go, Ford simply answered: "It just didn't work out."

Nine years later, Lee Iacocca sat on the gold-colored couch in his office and remarked that the boss had used ironically similar words to justify his own ouster. "Mr. Ford said it's just one of those things, we're going to do it and that's it."

Mr. Upward Automobility

Lee Iacocca thought he had a better idea. An eager young sales manager in the 1950s, he figured he would pep up a dull convention of 1,100 Ford salesmen by proving in a live demonstration that if he dropped an egg from a 10-ft.-high ladder onto Ford's new crash-padded dashboard, the egg would not break. He was wrong. Until last week, that was one of the very few times that Iacocca came close to having egg on his face. After 32 years with Ford, the plain-spoken son of an Italian immigrant was a Horatio Alger—hero on wheels, a paradigm of upward automobility. Yet unlike others who have risen through the sober, polyester-clad ranks of America's most important industry, Iacocca is perpetually outspoken, fashionably dressed in European worsteds and as obviously at ease in a barroom throbbing with used-Ford salesmen as in a hearing room full of Senators. If humans can be said to have automotive analogues, Iacocca suggests nothing so much as a Ford Mustang, that stylish-yet-democratic car whose creation is perhaps Iacocca's greatest triumph.

Lido Anthony Iacocca was born in Allentown, Pa., into what can be described as a Ford family. His father drove a Model T, launched one of the nation's earliest rent-a-car agencies, made and lost several pre-Depression fortunes by renting Fords and trading in local real estate. Young Lido decided he wanted to enter the auto business, preferably with Ford. He got an engineering degree at nearby Lehigh University, signed on with Ford as a trainee, earned a master's in engineering at Princeton and then surprised Ford recruiters by rejecting a quiet career in automatic transmissions for the tough world of sales.

In ten years as a salesman, Iacocca sold so many cars that Ford Vice President Robert McNamara brought him to Detroit as marketing director for Ford trucks. In 1960, at the precocious age of 36, Iacocca attained what was at one time his life's goal, a Ford vice presidency (in charge of the Ford Division). It was not a complete triumph; his plan had been to be there by age 35. "He had a schedule for himself as to what amount of money he would like to be making," his wife Mary once said. "Like maybe in five years he might like to be making \$5,000 and in ten years \$10,000. It was on a little scrap of paper."

Though a millionaire several times over by now, he lives with his wife and younger daughter (their other daughter is at college in the East) in a comparatively modest 13-room Colonial home in suburban Bloomfield Hills, and is active in Detroit area civic and charitable groups. He likes jazz and Big Band music, but has no hobbies. His close friends tend to come from outside the auto industry, and he has made a point of avoiding the social circles of "Mister Ford," as Iacocca and other Ford executives respectfully call their ruler. Iacocca once explained, "I don't want to be fired for something I said to Mister Ford over drinks at the 21 Club."

By that standard, Iacocca will be officially free to buy the boss a drink after Oct. 15, the day he goes off the payroll and, not coincidentally, his 54th birthday. By allowing Iacocca to stay on until then, Ford will be swelling Iacocca's annual pension to more than \$100,000, though the de-hired executive is hardly the retiring type. He has given "no thought to what I'm going to do at all, literally none," he says. "Education, business, government, fishing—I don't know." He would not mind being an independent Ford dealer. "Maybe there is such a thing as a new life. I've got to do a lot of thinking about it."



Two legends in one, Iacocca in 1965 with his biggest triumph, the Mustang

Flying the Skies of the Future

A record order heralds a new generation of superjets

Like competing suitors seeking the dowry of a fabled heiress, the major plane-makers for months have been courting United Airlines. Salesmen from Lockheed, McDonnell Douglas, Boeing—each carrying special pleas and promises—swarmed to the company's Chicago headquarters. There was also a fascinating newcomer on the scene, the European Airbus consortium. Reason for the wooing: United, the free world's largest airline, was preparing to place the first big order for the new generation of supersophisticated jetliners on whose fleet wings air travelers will fly into the 21st century.

Last week United made its choice, and the winner was Boeing.

ation is being seriously challenged by European governments, which are pressing their state-owned airlines to buy jets made by their own industries. Until the United purchase of the 767, the U.S. had no viable competitor to the European Airbus, at present the only wide-bodied, twin-engine jetliner with short-to-medium range.

Now the race is on. Within days, or at most weeks, other airlines will have to start placing orders to secure favorable delivery positions. Ultimately, the non-Communist world's 100 lines are expected to buy some 2,000 medium-range and 3,000 long-range jets. The bill: at least \$70 billion.

At a press con-

Buoyed by the United order, Boeing will almost certainly retain its command in the global jet market. On Boeing's drawing boards are two other members of the new generation:

► The 757, a narrow-bodied, twin-engine jetliner carrying 150 passengers on short (up to 1,900 miles) hops.

► The 777, a modification of the 767 with three engines. It is intended primarily for overwater use, where most airlines want the reassurance of an extra engine.

Shortly before United's announcement, Airbus Industrie, the state consortium owned jointly by France, West Germany and Spain, took an early lead in the sale of new-generation jets by winning 20 orders, worth \$500 million, from Lufthansa, Swissair and Air France.

for the B-10. Airbus executives pretended not to be discouraged by Boeing's victory. "United's order was not a launch order for us as it was for Bo-



Model of United's new Boeing 767; bottom: Eastern's Airbus; right: Carlson and Ferris
At stake: \$70 billion in sales, national pride and the U.S. balance of payments.



At a cost of \$1.2 billion, United will take 30 767s, twin-engine, wide-bodied jets that so far exist only as models in a wind tunnel. The new plane, designed to fill the gap between the long-range jumbos and short-range feeder planes, will be in the air by mid-1982, carrying 197 passengers on trips of 500 to 2,200 miles. It will look like a much fatter 707 with two huge engines hanging from thinner, longer wings. Because of its advanced aerodynamics and improved engines, it will be quieter, more comfortable and some 35% cheaper to operate than the present generation of aging jets. Even so, because the 767 is so expensive (around \$25 million, not counting spares and support equipment), United also bought 30 advanced versions of the popular 727, for \$400 million.

At \$1.6 billion, United's orders are by far the largest transaction in aviation history. But they are only the beginning, and they affect far more than just the airlines. Aircraft sales abroad are one of the U.S.'s largest export items, and without them the nation's trade balance would suffer disastrously. Plane sales are also a matter of national pride, and for the first time ever, the U.S.'s dominance of civil avi-

ation, United Airlines Chairman Edward E. Carlson and President Richard J. Ferris explained the decision. Ferris conceded that his airline's experts had been attracted by the advanced version of the European Airbus; designated the B-10, it is a scaled-down, 200-passenger version of the present Airbus, four of which are already flying for Eastern Air Lines. The 767 won, said Ferris, because of its superior performance for passengers and pilots alike. Passengers, accustomed to the sardine seating in the present jumbos, will find the 767 less claustrophobic. The coach section will have seven seats abreast, aligned in a two-three-two pattern, with two aisles. The 767's flying characteristics will incorporate a new wing, which provides for more lift with less surface than other designs, and highly sophisticated guidance and automatic landing systems for all-weather operations.

The plane will also be highly economical. Its engine will sip far less fuel than current models. Result: the 767, which will replace DC-9s as well as 707s and older 727s, will carry as many or more passengers for one-third less fuel.

ing," said one Airbus official in Paris.

Boeing is looking for partners to share the work. In the late '60s and early '70s, the company had to reduce its payroll drastically due to the cutbacks of its aerospace programs. Though the company has added some 8,000 workers to help build the new superjets, it wants to avoid another boom-bust cycle. Boeing's first choice for a partner would be British Aircraft Corp., which would give the new planes a European flavor and make them easier to market within the European Community. So far, the British have not decided whether to join Boeing or Airbus. The United decision may give them a nudge.

What sparked the revolution in air travel is the new low fares. President Carter is determined to promote vigorous competition among the airlines, and the Civil Aeronautics Board is approving just about every low-fare proposal. The consequence: passenger travel has risen an unexpected 17% this year. Caught by surprise, the airlines often do not have enough seats to meet demand.

But what lines can afford to buy the new planes? As Carter encourages great-



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Economy & Business

er competition, the weak airlines will be taken over by the strong, and the small will unite to become bigger. Continental and Western, two healthy medium-size trunk carriers, are contemplating a merger. North Central and Southern are planning a corporate marriage that would convert them into a major airline along the nation's north-south spine. Texas International, a small regional, has bought 9.2% of the shares of big National Airlines and may try to take it over.

As a populist, Carter opposes concentrations of economic power, and CAB Chairman Alfred Kahn has labeled the merger trend "worrying." But survival of the fittest is the logical consequence of the President's deregulation policy. Because the new-generation jets are so expensive, the fittest are certain to be only the richest and biggest. ■

Labor Looks to Some Big Gains

Loss for inflation fighters

While Jimmy Carter was waging his diplomatic offensive in Europe, his home front troops continued to lose ground last week in the campaign against inflation. Barry Bosworth, chief of the Council on Wage and Price Stability, repeated that inflation will not be slowed until pay increases in major union settlements decline to 7%, from 10% in recent contracts. But 13 railway unions were busy wrapping up a much richer pact.

Four of the unions, covering 340,000 of the nation's 496,000 railway workers, signed a "memo of understanding" for a three-year, 35% increase in wages and cost of living allowances. John Sysma, president of the Locomotive Engineers, declared that his members had shown "admirable restraint" because they had originally asked for a 45% raise. Said Sysma: "It's not quite fair to make labor the whipping boy for inflation."

Once again, Administration officials tried to say that this labor settlement would be an "exception," because they got into the rail negotiations only after most of management's offers were already on the table. In fact, the talks had been going on for ten months before the Wage and Price Council began to preach moderation. Bosworth, speaking with a refreshing candor that may start getting him into trouble, said the Administration had "fumbled," adding, "This negotiation is one that got away from us."

There can be no such excuses or explanations for the other pace-setting labor negotiation of 1978, covering 570,000 postal workers. Those talks should come to a climax this week, and Bosworth's jawboners have been in on them from the start. The unions demand a 14% increase in the first year of a two-year contract, well above the 5.5% that the Adminis-

tration has recommended for federal employees. Postal workers already earn an average of \$8 an hour, vs. \$5.51 for private nonfarm workers, and they enjoy a "no layoff" clause that the Postal Service wants to modify but the union seems determined to preserve.

Some 4,000 postal workers, many from New York City branches that struck illegally in 1970, demonstrated noisily in front of Postal Service headquarters in Washington. Waving placards reading NO CONTRACT, NO WORK, they threatened to defy federal law and walk out if a set-



Postal workers demonstrating in Washington
One fat raise leads to another.

tlement is not reached by the deadline this Thursday.

Carter's inflation fighters cannot afford another grossly inflationary settlement, after having lost earlier this year on the mine workers and then the railway men. If postal workers do, in fact, win a fat raise, it would not only lead to higher postage rates, but leave no hope of holding the line on the Teamsters, the Auto Workers, the Electrical Workers and Building and Construction Trades unions next year.

One top Administration official concedes that the White House does not have real links or leverage with labor. Says he: "We have much better lines to businessmen. They seem more willing to talk and to act, up to a certain point. Labor is more suspicious and thinks that we're antilabor. We're trying to improve our ties to labor, but we're not doing too well." ■

Omni Gets a Lift

Washington says it is O.K.

Chrysler Corp. has been defending its new Plymouth Horizon and Dodge Omni subcompacts against charges last month by the Consumers Union testing group that the cars careened wildly during some extreme road tests. Now the company has received some strong support from Washington. After conducting the same road tests as did Consumers Union on the two front-wheel-drive cars, the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration reported the same results—but ruled that the cars are every bit as safe as Chrysler contends. NHTSA argued that the tests are, in effect, irrelevant to driving situations that motorists encounter in the real world.

The endorsement carried particular weight because the federal agency, which only last week announced that it was urging Firestone Tire and Rubber Co. to recall 15 million of its steel-belted 500 radial tires for safety defects, is headed by Joan Claybrook, an avid consumerist who for four years directed Ralph Nader's Congress Watch group in Washington. Said Claybrook: "Our conclusion is that the Omni/Horizon has very good handling characteristics very similar to many other small cars."

The Canadian Ministry of Transport also tested the cars and reached the same general conclusion, but it had some reservations. The Canadians were concerned that when the Omni or Horizon is traveling at high speed, and the steering wheel is yanked sharply to one side, then released and allowed to swing free while the driver keeps his foot on the gas, the wheel oscillates back and forth. This characteristic was not a "defect" but was "undesirable," said the Canadian engineers, and they felt Chrysler should correct it. Added Peter Keith, head of the ministry's advanced-engineering department: "While this oscillating is significant to engineers, there is no way that we could prove it related to the safety of the cars."

The real question in the dispute is whether either of the two major tests has much practical value. Besides the steering-wheel test, there was also the avoidance-maneuver test, in which the cars were driven between markers to see how quickly they could swerve to dodge an obstacle without lurching out of control. When the test is performed with the Omni and Horizon, the cars do not begin to veer until speeds approaching 60 m.p.h. Many full-size sedans will do so at much lower speeds. In fact, every car on the highway will do so if it is put through this test at a fast enough speed. If nothing else, the squabble over the Omni and Horizon highlights the need to let buyers know just how fast their cars can be driven before that critical speed is reached. ■

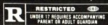


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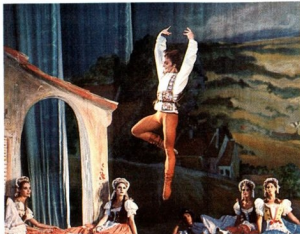
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Dance



In his first performance with the New York City Ballet, Mikhail Baryshnikov leaps high as Frantz in *Coppélia*

Up and Away in Saratoga

Baryshnikov gets off to a fast start with a new company

At the windows of a rehearsal room at the Saratoga Performing Arts Center, rows of little female heads glisten in the sun, their chins just making it up to the sill. They are lucky children, for they are watching New York City Ballet Choreographer George Balanchine rehearse his newest principal dancer, Mikhail Baryshnikov. The session is long and hard, and it is going very well. Baryshnikov leaps into the whimsical salutes of *Stars and Stripes*. He and the choreographer pause to discuss some points, speaking in Russian—a common language for both. Later, Baryshnikov, 30, whips through a fast, intricate sequence from *Rubies*. He repeats it several times with the same unrelenting charge of energy. Balanchine, 74, watches with a private inward smile. American ballet's hottest, most speculated-on alliance is off to a flying start.

Misha Baryshnikov left the American Ballet Theater last May in order to dance the works of Balanchine and his partner, Jerome Robbins. Rumors flew that Baryshnikov would dance in with his new company in New York during June. It was probably a good idea to begin in the summer season at Saratoga Springs, for if there is any respite from the demands of superstardom, it can be found in this quiet, informal arts center. The performing area is a pavilion that seats 5,100 (many more people can see the action from some distance on the lawn). Saratogans take pride in their July visitors. Ask any shopkeeper, and he will tell you that the dancers and their fans are nicer than the horse-racing crowd that overwhelms the town in August.

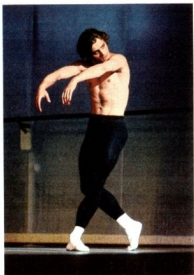
Baryshnikov's debut, as Frantz in *Coppélia*, was at a matinee. The crowd was full of mothers and kids who had

bought seats long before the announcement of Baryshnikov's appearance. Frantz is an ebullient young man, his entrance is a headlong dash to the front of the stage. Baryshnikov made it his signature: an outpouring of physical power and grace, as well as a challenge to the audience to soar with him. His first afternoon had a couple of rough spots: in the first act he strolled onstage ahead of cue and was stuck watching dances he had nothing to do with. But in the last and showiest act, he silenced any doubts that he would somehow scale down his jumps to what is referred to as the "Balanchine

style." He leaped like a cat and, as always, seemed to hang in the air.

He next appeared in a very different work, Jerome Robbins' *Afternoon of a Faun*, which has almost no steps at all. It is a brief, seductive work about two dancers practicing in front of a "mirror" (actually the proscenium) and gradually making enigmatic erotic contact with each other. Baryshnikov's first original Balanchine works are *Stars and Stripes* and *Rubies*, both of which happen to call for speed, wit and fiendish virtuosity.

Misha's impact at the box office was immediate. Says Herbert Chesbrough, manager of the arts center: "There is a demand for tickets we literally don't have." The dancers are excited. One admits there is "healthy envy" among men who may have to wait longer to get certain roles. But, says another, "we haven't seen some of the moves he has. After he leaves the rehearsal room, the boys try them out."



In Robbins' *Afternoon of a Faun*

Trying out different moves.

The veterans pay him high compliments. Jacques d'Amboise, 43, for whom the *Stars and Stripes* part was created 20 years ago, says, "He's the first person I've enjoyed teaching this role to because he really can do it." Peter Martins, 31, a tall, elegant company star, stayed in the wings throughout *Coppélia* in case Misha, a good friend, had any questions. Happiest of all is Patricia McBride, 35, one of the very few ballerinas short enough to dance the stricter classical roles with Baryshnikov (who is 5 ft. 6½ in.). "I'm thrilled," she says, adding however that "we know we're all unique in Balanchine's eyes. He makes us feel special."

McBride is right. So is Heather Watts, 24, who has just been promoted to soloist. Recalling 1975, when Suzanne Farrell's five-year quarrel with Mr. B. ended, Watts says, "It's like when Suzanne came back. We were fine before, but we were better when she returned. It's the same with Misha. It's another new era."

Living

Enter the Entrepreneurs

*For the talented ambitious,
America = Utopia West*

There was in mid-20th century an American institution known as the Green Card. It was difficult to acquire, and it was issued only to the most desirable foreigners who sought it. The fortunate man or woman who obtained it was ensured permanent residence in the U.S., from which many corporeal and psychological benefits might flow.

By 1978 the document had in fact been colored blue for 13 years, though, for obvious symbolic reasons, immigrants still called it the Green Card. In an era of restricted immigration, permission to live indefinitely in the U.S. was granted in effect only to those who without American relatives brought needed skills or at least \$40,000 to invest in the U.S. economy.

—Future Historian Anon.

For a number of reasons related to conditions in their own countries and U.S. policy, the influx of immigrants bearing gifts has swelled substantially in the past five years. Many would-be Americans who get through the golden door today bring gold or its equivalent in education, talent, ingenuity and ambition. They exceed in relative numbers and potential cultural impact any similar earlier waves of newcomers. These are not the swinging super-rich, who have always been free to flit from clime to clime. Nor are they the winging investors who see unsurpassed opportunity for profit here, or at least a safe haven for capital. They are entrepreneurs and professionals: bankers, financiers, managers, restaurateurs, moteliers and boutiquiers, disco owners, jewelers, architects, designers, publicists, models, film makers, exporter-importers and dealers in just about everything from abstract art to shopping centers.

For the most part, these notable newcomers are those who, not without pain, have taken the decision to forsake comfortable backgrounds, familial esteem and personal success to invest their lives in America. The decision may have been reinforced by political, social and economic instability at home, an underlying factor in the entire history of westward migration. Nonetheless, the immigrants have much to lose by coming to an alien society: not only their grubstake but also their cultural heritage, the ease of self-expression in a native language, even the self-assurance that impelled them to the U.S.

Why do they come?

"There are almost as many reasons as there are applications for visas," sighs a U.S. consular official in Naples. Well-to-



French-born Robert Pascal; Iranian Henry Hakim with Real-Estate Agent Elaine Young



Giorgio and Iris Laurenti with American-born Maurice; Argentine-born Enrico Tucci



do Italian families live in fear of political murder, maimings and kidnappings for cash. Add to the negative side the concern of many Europeans that private enterprise and personal initiative will be socialized out of existence. On the positive side, most of the entrepreneurial immigrants have either tasted *la vie américaine* on tourist or business visits, or have been educated here, and sniff the opportunities on every corner. They see the U.S. (native Americans take note) as an unfettered land in which the newcomer can succeed by applying every Horatian and Algerian virtue from ardor to zeal. Then, too, the home countries appear to the traveled young European to be montages of

daffodils and gorgonzola, wine cellars and châteaux and cozy pubs that seem totally irrelevant to real life in 1978. As Journalist Ted Morgan, né Conte Sanche de Gramont—the anagrammatized his surname and became an American citizen last year—wrote in *On Becoming American*: "One has to come to America to get a sense of life's possibilities... The true American, in the existential sense of the man who makes himself, is the immigrant, for he is American by choice."

Many of the new Americans-by-choice are not, of course, Western Europeans. In the past two years there has been a great influx of entrepreneurial Iranians, Canadians, South Americans and



The Garstins; (below) Model Agent Casablancas, Model Yasmine, Photographer Glaviano



Swiss-born Bettina Sulzer, who deals with Europeans at Manhattan's Emmerich Gallery

Jamaicans. But, almost invariably, it is the sense of life's possibilities that turns the compass to America. Helen Arjad, 25, a vivacious, casual-chic Iranian who studied fashion design in Switzerland and plans a career in real estate in Southern California, puts it as well as anyone: "If you have talent and knowledge and start a business here, 85% of the time you're successful. In other countries, you have to be 85% lucky to be successful."

Patrick Terrail, 35, only son of the family that has owned the famed three-star Tour d'Argent restaurant in Paris for generations, decided to found his own restaurant, the fashionable Ma Maison, in Los Angeles. Says he: "I realized French

people couldn't accept youth, change and new ideas for their own sake. In America, if they like your idea, it doesn't matter how old you are."

Many talented European immigrants sound as if they were taping *I Love New York* commercials. Argentine-born Enrico Tucci, 40, who was a movie producer in Rome before he opened a Manhattan showroom devoted to contemporary Italian furniture, finds that "New York is becoming a European city. It has the best of America and the best of Europe." French-born Robert Pascal, a onetime bartender who owns two of Manhattan's most elegant restaurants, *Chez Pascal* and *Le Premier*, was able to open the latter with the

help of \$500,000 in personal loans from his faithful customers. "I didn't like America when I first arrived [in 1968]," he recalls. "I was disappointed in the way people ate and dressed. But my enthusiasm grew as I saw America grow. This country has grown 100 years in the past ten."

For enterprising young business people, the competitive pace and relative freedom from governmental and union restrictions are a major lure. Daniele Bodini, 32, the fast-moving, fast-thinking son of a Milanese stockbroker, has ascended in five years from a trainee at the elite investment firm of Blyth Eastman Dillon to owner of a multimillion-dollar real estate investment company. Says he: "I believe in meritocracy. Any place where you can be fired in 20 minutes is a great place." Adds Swiss-born Pierre Honnegger, 34, a former journalist who three years ago bought a foreign-car dealership in Princeton, N.J., and has tripled its sales: "If you work hard and have a good idea, you have a much bigger reward than in Europe, where everything is super-organized, and traditional business has cornered all the markets."

Apart from the New York metropolitan area, the most attractive areas for entrepreneurial immigrants are southern Florida and Southern California. In the city of Hollywood, north of Miami, two of every three real estate transactions in recent months have been made by French Canadians. Fearful of the economic chaos that could result from the possible secession of Quebec from the Canadian Confederation, some 10,000 Canadians (Anglos as well as French) have settled in southern Florida. The Miami area has also attracted a stream of Jamaicans who find life under Prime Minister Michael Manley's "democratic socialism" increasingly oppressive.

The influx of well-to-do foreigners to California in the past two years or so has resulted in the biggest real estate boom in Los Angeles since the invention of the cinematograph. An estimated 20% of all property in the chic Beverly Hills-Brentwood-Bel Air area is now foreign owned. Iranians have nicknamed Loma Vista Drive "Aga Sheik Hadi Avenue," after the street where many lived in Tehran. Says Elaine Young, a Beverly Hills real estate broker who has sold palatial properties to foreigners from many countries: "Southern California has become the world's rich melting pot."

The newcomers often lead low-key lives for fear of kidnappings and potential retaliation against their families back home. The Iranians, for example, are seldom to be seen in fashionable bistros or stores. (One high-living exception is Henry Hakim, 24, who claims to own one of Southern California's biggest trading companies; he says that he ships back home to Iran 85% of all sunglasses sold in that country—where everyone, it seems, wears sunglasses.) Nonetheless, the new immigrants show a certain style wherever they settle. The Europeans, in

Living

particular, tend to have a sleek insouciance that immediately sets them apart on an avenue or in a living room. Their businesses, from boutiques to watering places, are conducted with Continental cachet. While the new Americans often get together for social occasions that may include an afternoon of soccer, an evening of disco dancing or a meal at one of their favored restaurants (La Boite in Manhattan, for example, or Wong Kai in Miami or Ma Maison in Los Angeles), they tend to assimilate easily into American life. Indeed, many Europeans enjoy the openness of their new neighbors, after the clanishness that marks the social life of the old countries.

British-born Reggie Mitchell, 55, who was an officer in the Indian army under the raj, worked his way across the U.S. as a book salesman, hardhat, lumberjack and journalist before opening Reggie's British Pub in Atlanta's splendid Omni International complex on Battle of Britain Day (Sept. 15) two years ago. "Even my fellow lumberjacks accepted me here without any questions about who I was or where I came from," he recalls. "The generosity of the people and the mobility of society here are very appealing. There is a resiliency that was missing in the U.K." Reggie's customers are sufficiently resilient to applaud his occasional recitals of Kipling, delivered in a baritone over the Bass.

Bettina Sulzer, 29, whose family is prominent in Switzerland, deals with European clients at Manhattan's prestigious Andre Emmerich art gallery. Says the slender, demure Bettina: "I am into an American group. I don't want to hang around with Europeans as a group. The jet set I certainly don't want to be with." Though her family has always trotted the globe—her grandmother was the last survivor of the *Titanic* when she died in 1972—she spends her vacations exploring America: this summer she will go to Wyoming, sleeping in a tepee on a ranch owned by friends.

This rich infusion of brains and guts has produced countless success stories in a variety of fields. A *galleria* of notables:

John Casablancas, 34, a member of an old Spanish family that fled the Franco regime, was educated in Switzerland, Spain and Germany, worked in Belgium, Spain, Brazil and France before moving to the U.S. in 1977. His eight-year-old model agency in Paris, Elite, is Europe's biggest. It was only "natural" for him to start another Elite in New York; in its first full year the agency expects to gross at least \$4 million. Though he keeps an apartment in Paris and a farm in southern France, his base is a four-bedroom East Side Manhattan apartment that he shares with blonde Model Jeannette Christiansen. Another of Casablancas' stars is red-haired Yasmine Sokal, 23, a toplofty (5 ft. 11 in.) top model who was born in Munich but has French citizenship. Con-



The Reggie Mitchells at their Atlanta pub



Maria de Conceição among her works



The Jacques Murphys in their Florida pool
New Americans bearing gifts.

veniently, Yasmine—who was the face on Bloomingdale's shopping bag last year—shares an opulent apartment overlooking Central Park with Marco Glaviano, 35, a Sicilian-born fashion photographer who also intends to settle in the U.S. "Here I feel all this creative energy," says Glaviano. "Everyone in the arts who has something to say is here. You get ideas even if you don't want to."

Giorgio Laurenti, 33, worked for his Italian family's thriving manufacturing concern in Milan before deciding that his future lay in the U.S. With his German-born wife Iris, Countess zu Dohna-Lauck, 28, he moved to New York in 1974 and started a real estate investment concern that grossed nearly \$10 million last year and may double that sum this year. Most of his business is with fellow Europeans. Laurenti's scholarly partner, Roberto Riva, 38, was born in Peru of Italian ancestry, earned his degrees in Italy, owned a prosperous oil trading company in Houston and decided to settle permanently in the U.S. Says Laurenti: "Here you get rewarded for your merits, not for what your father has done."

Michael Garstin, 29, a British-born London School of Economics graduate, came to the U.S. in 1974 as a trainee with the Chase Manhattan Bank. Says he: "I wanted to be nearer the source of power." His Scottish girlfriend, Annemarie Cairns, also 29, had a good job in a London public relations firm and did not initially share Michael's enthusiasm for New York when they married two years ago. While Michael is an up-and-coming executive at the bank, Annemarie has started her own public relations agency; after only seven months, it is already in the black. Says she: "You can't be weak-spirited in America. It can be very encouraging but very ruthless." On a personal note, she adds: "I can't help being charged here. My senses are heightened and I'm continually on edge. I keep saying, 'Wow! Is this really happening?'"

Jacques Murphy, 46, notwithstanding his surname, is a French-descended Quebecois whose family has lived in Canada for five generations. Last September Monsieur Murphy and his wife Pierreette, also 46, loaded their two children and household belongings into two cars for the 1,654-mile trip from Montreal to Hollywood, Fla. Murphy had sold his insurance brokerage business, an office building and their house. The reasons for their departure, according to Murphy, were increasing governmental intervention in business, a flat economy and the prospect of Quebec's secession. In Florida, the Murphys became owners of a 26-unit motel and apartment complex on the heavily traveled north-south Interstate A-1-A. They paid \$100,000 for the place, spent more than \$40,000 to refurbish it from reception room to flagstaff, which now flies the Maple Leaf and the blue and white Quebec flag, along with the Stars and Stripes. With an eye to fellow émigrés

from Quebec, Murphy has ordered a sign saying *PARLONS FRANÇAIS. Quand même*, the Murphys insist they want to become Americans and "live the American way."

Philip Wong, 35, was executive vice president of a supermarket and department-store chain in Jamaica and owned three Chinese restaurants and a food-packaging plant. He, his American-born wife Barbara, 28, their two children and nine of his ten brothers and sisters came to the U.S. to escape the threatening political climate and lawless atmosphere of Jamaica. Wong has a highly successful Chinese-Polynesian restaurant in the Miami Omni International complex, feels that the U.S. is "the last bastion of democracy and free enterprise."

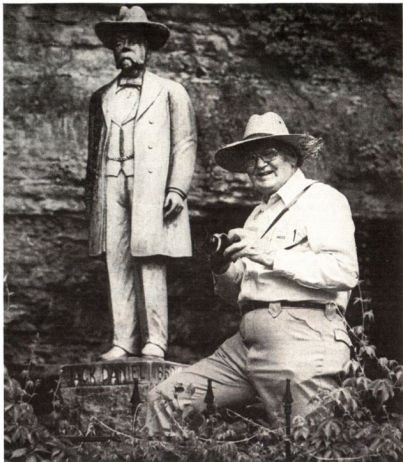
Maria de Conceição, 32, was born in Portugal and worked for six years in Denmark creating tapestries and clothing that she calls "wearable art" before moving to Washington, D.C., four years ago. She has had twelve shows of her work, including the chasuble she made for then Dean Francis Bowes Sayer Jr. of Washington Cathedral; the garment is on exhibit this month at the Vatican. Maria, who is married to American Patrick Heininger, a lawyer for the World Bank, has a contract for a book on her design and collage techniques. Says she: "This is the fourth country in which I have made a home, and definitely the last."

Ali Daghighfekr, 30, comes from an Iranian family that owns the Middle East's largest manufacturer of home appliances. Uncertain of the future of private enterprise in Iran, he set up an import-export business in Los Angeles last year. Says he: "I don't think Americans really appreciate America. If I marry and have children, I think they will thank me for allowing them to be born American."

These worldly wise immigrants do not necessarily share what Novelist Saul Bellow called the "kiss-the-ground-at-Elis-Island attitude." Many are the shards and barbs on the road to becoming American. U.S. television is a big turn-off for Europeans. So, at least initially, are permissive child rearing, much so-called gourmet food, gun-toting cops, blah-blah cocktail parties, football and baseball, bubble gum, littered streets, first-naming on first encounter, and such other inducers of culture shock as the warning on a hotel dressing table that greeted one European couple on their first night in New York: **YOUR DAY ENDS AT 1 P.M.**

Generally, though, the first days settle into exciting weeks and rewarding months, and the most tentative of new citizens begins to sound like a charter member of the D.A.R. Ask David John Bickerstaff, 32, a British automotive engineer who moved to Detroit in 1973, owns a four-bedroom home with swimming pool and a vacation cottage in northern Michigan. "When I meet a cynical guy in the U.S.," says Bickerstaff, "I tell him: 'Why don't you go to England and live? You'll come back a happy American.'"

—Michael Demarest



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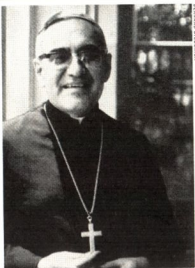
An Archbishop Without Fear

Romero fights for the peasants

Even by Central American standards, El Salvador is a vastly overpopulated, poverty-ridden feudal society. The elite 1.9% of the population, which owns 57.5% of the land, sells cash crops abroad while at home hunger and malnutrition are endemic. The oligarchy's prosperity depends upon plentiful cheap labor from landless, job-hungry *campesinos*, and, fearing bloody rebellion, it will do almost anything to prevent the peasantry from organizing. To eliminate political dissent, a sweeping new law decrees prison for anyone who perturbs the "tranquillity or security of the country" or "the stability of public values."

The people are left with one powerful ally who is not intimidated: Oscar Arnulfo Romero y Galdames, 60, the Roman Catholic Archbishop of San Salvador. Typically, high-ranking Latin churchmen mute their protests; some are merely props of their regimes. Though many priests and some bishops have made brave stands, Romero, since he took office early last year, has been the most outspoken archbishop in Latin America.

Just back home from a meeting with Pope Paul last fortnight, Romero ascended the pulpit of his still unfinished cathedral and unleashed one of his regular hour-long sermons about the tyranny and terror all around him. He is a small man and his voice is low-keyed, but it is strong and steady. Newspapers almost daily vil-



San Salvador's Oscar Romero y Galdames

Sermons about tyranny and terror.

ify him as corrupt, as insane, as a Communist, as a man who "sells his soul to the Devil." They never print the news his sermons contain.

Mothers of political prisoners are continuing their hunger strike at the Salvadorean Red Cross, he reports, and two laymen who appeared to support them have disappeared. Two peasants have been beaten to death. Two priests on pastoral missions and a professor of medicine have been seized by the police, the latter also denied necessary medical treatment. On and on goes his litany of outrage.

Romero, a telegraph operator's son

who entered seminary at 13, was known as a conservative but also as a man of the people. He started speaking out as soon as he became archbishop—and had reason to. Within weeks a priest and two companions were machine-gunned, their bodies riddled with the type of bullets used by the police. The right-wing "White Warriors' Union," a pro-government vigilante group with ties to business, killed another priest to avenge an assassination by left-wing terrorists. Next, the White Warriors vowed to execute the 47 Jesuits in El Salvador unless they left the country in 30 days. The Jesuits stayed, and so far none have been murdered, but it is clear that they, indeed all active Catholics, face harassment, torture and death at the hands of the vigilantes, the national police and the dreaded 50,000-member "Orden" militia. This past Easter at least 29 people were killed in a vicious raid on an area where the Christian Peasants' Federation was active.

"The archbishop is at war with the government," complains an affluent auto dealer. Romero denies this, although a year ago he boycotted the inauguration of President General Carlos Humberto Romero (no kin) and has yet to meet him. As the archbishop explained it to TIME's Bernard Diederich: "The conflict is between the state and the people. The church is simply trying to defend the people." Wealthy Salvadoreans, Mass-going Catholics all, are "afraid of losing their privileges" and "confused about what is right and wrong," the archbishop explains. Behind him on an office wall were huge photos of the two priests who were murdered last year and a banner reading: HE WHO GIVES HIS LIFE FOR ME IS SAVED. ■

Science

Far-Out Moon

And maybe a new planet

It revolves around the sun at a mean distance of 5.9 billion km (3.7 billion miles) once every 248 years. Even in powerful telescopes, it is visible only as a flicker of light. Pluto, the solar system's ninth planet, was not discovered until 1930, and little is yet known about it. Now astronomers have learned surprising new things about the faroff planet: it appears to have a moon, seems to be much smaller than previously estimated and may some day be stripped of its title as the outermost member of the sun's family of planets.

While Astronomer James Christy was examining photographic plates of Pluto last June—taken with the U.S. Naval Observatory's 155-cm (61-in.) reflecting telescope at Flagstaff, Ariz.—he noticed an

elongation in Pluto's image. Checking back on photographs made in 1965 and 1970, Christy found similar stretching, always in a north-south direction relative to the earth. After further measurements, Christy and his colleague, Dr. Robert Harrington, concluded that what they were seeing was actually a moon in a 19,300-km (12,000-mile-high) orbit around Pluto. The great distance from the earth had prevented astronomers from resolving the planet and its nearby moon into two separate specks of light.

Harrington reckons that the moon (which Christy has tentatively named Charon after the mythological boatman who ferried the souls of the dead across the River Styx to the underworld ruled over by the god Pluto) is about 800 km (500 miles) in diameter. It lies in Pluto's equatorial plane and circles the planet once every 6 days 9 hr. and 17 min.—an interval identical to Pluto's own period

of rotation. Hence, an observer on one side of Pluto would always see the moon in the same position in the sky. On the other side, it would never be visible.

Until the mid-'60s, Pluto was thought to be a planet with roughly earthlike dimensions. Not so, say the Naval Observatory astronomers. Using the presence of the moon and knowledge of its orbital characteristics, they have calculated that Pluto's diameter is about one-fifth that of the earth's, its density perhaps less than one-third and, most significant, its mass only 2%. This means that their shrunken Pluto may not have enough gravitational pull to account for suspected irregularities, previously attributed to it, in the orbits of Uranus and Neptune, the seventh and eighth planets from the sun. Then what could be disturbing the two larger planets? Perhaps, suggests Harrington, it is "a new massive object, possibly even a new planet." ■

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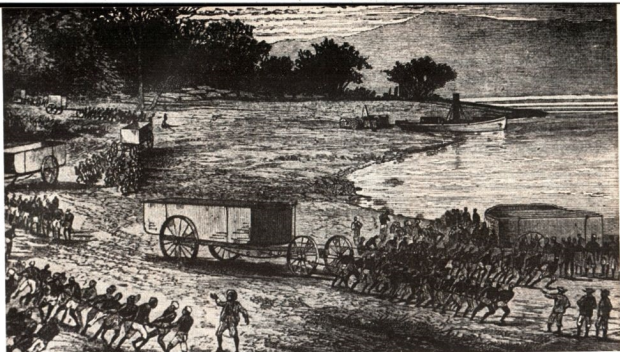
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"Like a sluggish beetle crawling on the floor," a steamer is hauled upriver by tribesmen in the time of Joseph Conrad's *Congo Diary*

Books

Cardiograms of Darkness

CONGO DIARY AND OTHER UNCOLLECTED PIECES by Joseph Conrad
 Edited by Zdzislaw Najder; Doubleday; 192 pages; \$7.95

In 1903 Joseph Conrad was asked by a London weekly to list the books he read as a boy. "I don't remember any child's book; I don't think I ever read any," the Polish-born author replied. "The first book I remember distinctly is Hugo's *Travailleurs de la Mer* [Toilers of the Sea], which I read at the age of seven."

Today Conrad has replaced Victor Hugo. A similar survey of contemporary writers would turn up many of the master's titles: *An Outcast of the Islands*, *Lord Jim*, *Typhoon*, *Nostromo*, *The Secret Agent* and his greatest story, *Heart of Darkness*. His ominous Slavic intensity and his understated English produced a prose style that generations have found intoxicating. Countless youths acquired their first sense of literary power in such passages as "When an opportunity offered at last to meet my predecessor, the grass growing through his ribs was tall enough to hide his bones."

Congo Diary traces the first autobiographical flutters of that sentence from *Heart of Darkness*. After more than ten years as a seaman and officer in the British merchant navy, Conrad signed a three-year contract with a Belgian company to serve on river steamboats that plied the Congo River. "Like an empty Huntley and Palmer biscuit tin" was his description of boats like the *Roi des*

Belges, the double-decked stern-wheeler that he sailed up to Stanley Falls. *Heart of Darkness* conveys the dwarfing effect that the 1,000-mile journey must have had on the 32-year-old Conrad: "Trees, trees, millions of trees, massive, immense, running up high; and at their foot, hugging the bank against the stream, crept the little begrimed steamboat, like a sluggish beetle crawling on the floor of a lofty portico."

Yet truth is often flatter than fiction. In the part of the *Diary* known as the "Upriver Book," Conrad is all business, the professional sailor noting the course for those who will come after: "Always keep the high mountain ahead crossing over to the left bank. To port of highest mount a low black point. Opposite a long island stretching across. The shore is wooded."

The 1890 adventures in the Congo altered the course of the writer's life and art. He returned to England disillusioned and physically racked by tropical sickness. In addition, the destructive effects of Belgian colonialism on tribal life made a lasting impression on the son of a Polish patriot who had been jailed and exiled for his activities against Russian imperialism. During an overland trek from Matadi to Kinshasa, the *Diary* notes, he "met an officer of the State inspecting: a few minutes afterwards saw at a camp-firing place the dead body of a Backongo.

Shot? Horrid smell." And later: "Today did not set the tent but put up in Gov[ernment] shimbek. Zanzibari in charge—very obliging. Met ripe pineapple for the first time. On the road today passed a skeleton tied up to a post. Also white man's grave—no name. Heap of stones in the form of a cross."

Among those whom Conrad met in the Congo was Roger Casement, at the

Excerpt

“ Friday, 1st of August, 1890.
 Put up at Gov[ernment] shanty.

Row between the carriers and a man stating himself in Gov[ernment] employ, about a mat. Blows with sticks raining hard. Stopped it. Chief came with a youth about 13 suffering from gunshot wound in the head. Bullet entered about an inch above the right eyebrow and came out a little inside. The roots of the hair, fairly in the middle of the brow in a line with the bridge of the nose. Bone not damaged apparently. Gave him a little glycerine to put on the wound made by the bullet on coming out. Harou not very well. Mosquitoes. Frogs. Beastly. Glad to see the end of this stupid tramp. Feel rather seedy. Sun rose red. Very hot day. Wind S[outh].

General direction of march—NE by N.

Distance—17 miles.

”

Books



Joseph Conrad (1923)

The grass through his ribs hid his bones.

time working for the Belgians as a railroad project supervisor. He was also storing the evidence of atrocities against blacks that he would report to the world in 1903. Thirteen years later, Casement was to die on a British gallows for his part in the Irish independence movement.

Casement's view of Congo life was contagious. Immediately after noting their first meeting, the *Diary* records doubts about Conrad's future in the region: "Think just now that my life amongst the people (white) around here cannot be very comfortable. Intend avoid acquaintances as much as possible."

His growing pessimism about European civilization in Africa finds its full artistic expression twelve years later in *Heart of Darkness*: "They were dying slowly—it was very clear. They were not enemies, they were not criminals, they were nothing earthly now, nothing but black shadows of disease and starvation, lying confusedly in the greenish gloom."

Other Conradia in this collection published 54 years after the author's death include the novella *The Nature of a Crime*, which Conrad wrote with his friend Ford Madox Ford under the improbable pseudonym Ignatz von Aschenorff, and a fragment of *The Sisters*. This is a deservedly obscure work in English, though Editor Zdzislaw Najder notes the book was a great success in Polish because in that language "the syntax, loose and contrived, becomes natural and even limpid."

Conrad's forewords, prefaces, letters to newspapers, appreciations and even a 1923 speech at the 99th annual meeting of the Lifeboat Institution are also here. To many these pieces may seem unnecessary ballast. To those who served their literary apprenticeships under Captain Conrad, these fragments should have the appeal of messages unexpectedly washed up in bottles.

—R.Z. Sheppard

Cold Pastoral

FIRST PERSON RURAL

by Noel Perrin

David R. Godine; 124 pages; \$7.95

People who grow their own anything are usually good for about seven minutes of conversation before they suffer an attack of smugness. Apparently their listeners are required to feel inferior because they do not render their own lard or weave their own shirts. Author Noel Perrin, who putters at Vermont farming when he is not teaching English at Dartmouth or writing graceful scholarly books (*Dr. Bowdler's Legacy*), deserves a longer hearing. True, Perrin sometimes sounds like a country snob who would be horrified if the supermarket patrons he patronizes actually swarmed to New England in search of the rustic bargains he eulogizes. But even while baiting the slickers, he is consistently entertaining.

The 20 pieces reprinted here, mostly from *Vermont Life*, *Country Journal* and *The New Yorker*, range from meditations on the metaphysics of farming to shopping guides on the purchase of chainsaws and pickup trucks. Taken together, they sketch the education of a greenhorn who was "once a New Yorker, now a peasant" in the rigors of owning and running his own farm. Perrin recalls the winter morning he awoke to find the temperature outside —26°F, his house at 37° and falling, his oil tank empty. He recounts his early, inept attempts to fence off land

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. *Bloodline*, Sheldon (2 last week)
2. *The Holcroft Covenant*, Ludlum (1)
3. *The World According to Garp*, Irving (5)
4. *Scraples*, Krantz (3)
5. *Stained Glass*, Buckley (4)
6. *Chesapeake*, Michener
7. *The Human Factor*, Greene (10)
8. *Eye of the Needle*, Follett (6)
9. *The Last Convertible*, Myrner (7)
10. *Evergreen*, Plain (8)

NONFICTION

1. *If Life Is a Bowl of Cherries* —What Am I Doing in the Pits?, Bombeck (2)
2. *The Complete Book of Running*, Fixx (1)
3. *Pulling Your Own Strings*, Dyer (3)
4. *My Mother/My Self*, Friday (4)
5. *A Time for Truth*, Simon (6)
6. *R.N.: The Memoirs of Richard Nixon*, Nixon (5)
7. *Running and Being*, Sheehan (9)
8. *Gnomes, Huygen & Poortvliet* (7)
9. *Metropolitan Life*, Lebowitz (8)
10. *Till Death Us Do Part*, Bugliosi with Hurwitz

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Books



Noel Perrin

"Once a New Yorker, now a peasant."

from deer, other predators and the forest-making impulse that still thrives in the stony New England soil.

Such detailed anecdotes keep Perrin from falling victim to his "Wooden Bucket Principle": "By this I mean a tendency to imagine almost anything in the country as simpler and more primitive

and kind of nicer than it really is."

Still, some of it is simpler and nicer, and these aspects are generously extolled. The new farmer makes cutting up fence posts and driving them into the ground sound like fun. Similarly, he stresses the serendipitous surprises that rural life can offer. Cursing himself for overcooking a batch of sap, Perrin discovers that ruined syrup can still be turned into first-rate maple candy.

He is also willing to allow some modern conveniences into his Eden. When his wife makes butter, she uses a blender instead of a churn. "If I were to move to an old-fashioned farm," Perrin writes, "and could bring just one piece of modern machinery with me, I wouldn't hesitate a second. I'd bring my chainsaw. It's noisy, it's dangerous, it pollutes the air—and I love it."

Returning to the land and living off it is a stubborn American dream. It persists even though small farmers are leaving in droves. Without being maudlin about it, Perrin laments their passing and the disappearance of a way of life that knit hardships and satisfactions together. He never pretends that part-time farming is the same as the real thing. But by clearing fields and keeping boundaries intact, he at least stages a holding action against total loss. And telling others how he has done it preserves that hold.

—Paul Gray

The Oldest Party

CONVERSATIONS WITH WILLIE
by Robin Maugham
Simon & Schuster; 188 pages; \$10

When he died in 1965, William Somerset (Willie) Maugham was the most famous writer in the world. Eighty million copies of his books had been sold, his plays were performed worldwide, his work had led to several memorable movies, and some 80 of his short stories had been adapted for television. At his famous Villa Mauresque, he employed one of the best cooks on the Riviera, dined off silver plates and entertained royalty. Yet he was miserable. What was wrong? Everything. Or so this instructive and melancholy memoir by Nephew Robin Maugham would have us believe.

"My success means nothing to me," Willie said not long before he died, in one of the many cries of anguish that fill this book. "All I can think of now are my mistakes. I can think of nothing else but my foolishness... I wish I'd never written a single word. It's brought me nothing but misery."

The author's greatest regret was his marriage. The disastrous union had tak-

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Gerald Haxton

Half charm, half liquor.

en place half a century before, to a woman he felt had tricked him into an alliance that violated his basically homosexual nature. "You see, I was a quarter normal and three-quarters queer, but I tried to persuade myself it was the other way round. That was my greatest mistake. It flattered me that Syrie should throw herself at my feet. She told me that she cared for me more than anyone else in the world ... I was so vain and stupid I believed her ... But she ruined my life."

It is hard to see how. During most of

the twelve-year marriage, Maugham was hardly a husband. He was most frequently off with Gerald Haxton, a handsome young American he had met during World War I. Full of charm and liquor, in nearly equal measure, Haxton was difficult but necessary, an ideal complement to Maugham, whose lifelong stutter made him shy and withdrawn. In their travels through the Far East, Haxton would spend the night drinking with the local planters and lawyers and then repeat their tales to Willie, who would fashion them into stories. When his lover died of tuberculosis in 1944, Maugham was incurably stricken. "For 30 years he had been my chief care, my pleasure, and my anxiety," he told Robin. "Without him I am lost and lonely and hopeless ... I am too old to endure so much grief. I have lived too long."

And so he kept saying, on and off, for the next 20 years. He tried to prolong his life with injections of goat hormones, and at the same time lamented his longevity. As he reached toward 90, Willie was constantly lionized, and he just as constantly complained, "Why can't they let me die?" On one occasion he compared his life to a party. It was "very nice to start with, but has become rather noisy as time has gone on. And I'm not at all sorry to go home."

As Robin notes, he wrote down his Uncle Willie's conversations with full knowledge of their historical value, and there is no reason to doubt his accuracy.



W. Somerset Maugham (1962)

"A quarter normal, three-quarters queer."

But there is a reason to doubt Maugham's own memories, tintured by old age and ill health. A man as intensely unhappy as he claims to have been when he was 90 or 91 could not have written so much for so long. At the tired end of a long party, it is hard to remember how much pleasure it gave most of the way. — **Gerald Clarke**

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Time Essay

The Odd Practice of Neck Binding

During the fuel shortage four years ago, the federal energy boss, John Sawhill, tried to persuade men to take off their neckties: it would cool them down a degree or two and save on power for air conditioners. The Sawhill movement, intelligent for reasons besides conservation, vanished faster than a Nehru suit. The men's neckwear lobby protested, and Sawhill backed down. Well, fellas, he said, just loosen your ties. But the look he proposed was wrong anyhow. When a businessman in full regalia removes only his tie (retaining the dark shoes, the suit, the shirt buttoned at the wrists), then he looks like a sharecropper—or an executive being held by terrorists. Something is missing.

Still, Sawhill was thinking in the right direction. The necktie—that vestigial bib, that morning noose—is a strange and sinister article of clothing. When a man feels ill, the first thing to do is loosen his tie; it is, after all, pressing against the carotid arteries, impeding the flow of blood to the brain. Practically, the necktie is as supererogatory as those little belts and buckles that used to adorn the backs of men's trousers. The tie has no function except to clean eyeglasses, and even that it does badly. It makes as much sense as the grenade loops on a trench coat, or perhaps even less, since the man in the trench coat can at least carry grenades if he wishes.

But it would be wrong to say that the tie is useless or pointless. Dress is language. The tie has many meanings, many symbolic and psychological uses. It is an inverted exclamation mark hanging from the throat. It subtly directs attention away from the wearer's physicality. Worn with full business suit, it can be a form of armoring, a defense and an assertion of power. It can also be a gesture of compliance. White House Aide Hamilton Jordan, tieless and amiably scruffy for years, has started dressing (almost contritely) in suit and tie in the wake of stories about his drinking and raffishness. Often, the tie is a uniform signaling solidarity among certain kinds of men, a semaphore announcing that "we all speak the language." It gives men a feeling of security, a certain formality, a necessary distance. Although the tie may be physically uncomfortable, they take psychic comfort from it.

Ties differentiate social classes, kinds of jobs. They can be flags of social ordering. The difference between blue collar and white collar has almost always meant the difference between no tie and tie on the job. While some men in, say, the professorial classes go tieless, wearing blue work shirts under their tweed jackets, plenty of factory workers aspire to jobs that involve ties. In William Inge's *Picnic*, Hal Carter speaks wistfully of a job "in a nice office where I can wear a tie and have a sweet little secretary." When dressing up, blue collar workers often like a loud yell of garish color, while upper middle class men tend toward more discretion.

Looping around the neck like a reiterated threat of the garrote, a necktie can serve to restrain and discipline. That, at least, is the theory behind having little boys in private schools wear them; it doesn't always work. Neckties also represent a gesture of respect. A lawyer always advises his client to appear in court wearing a coat and tie. It shows that you have the deference to make yourself uncomfortable. Several years ago, a Florida judge cited a lawyer for contempt of court when the lawyer showed up wearing a gold medallion around his neck instead of a tie.

Dress codes in clubs, restaurants and schools are a form of social discipline resting on the premise that certain kinds of dress will preclude certain kinds of behavior and, of course, certain kinds of people. Reluctantly, some of the nation's fancier restaurants have started admitting the tieless. But not La Caravelle in New York City. Says Co-Owner Fred Decré: "If

you give in on ties, then people will start showing up without jackets. Next you will have shirts with short sleeves, or unbuttoned to the navel, with hairy chests and gold chains all over the place. That would be intolerable."

It is possible that neckties accomplish a certain amount of symbolic good. A suit and tie make a rather democratic outfit; the richest men wear them, and so do the poorer when dressing up, even if they do not spend \$600 to cover their nakedness. Class and regional distinctions are usually evident in choices, however. Consider the outfit, prevalent in Ohio, known as the "Full Cleveland": a bright blazer (red or green), plaid trousers, white shoes, white belt and white tie.

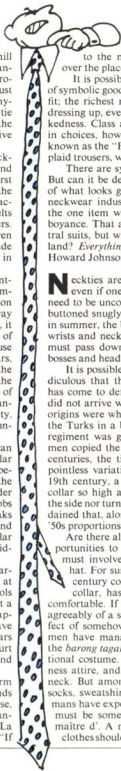
There are, of course, if not practical, uses for the necktie. But can it be defended simply on the grounds of adornment, of what looks good, regardless of function? Sometimes. The neckwear industry promotes ties as discretionary plumage, the one item with which a man can express a bit of flamboyance. That argument may hold for men in properly neutral suits, but what do you say to the man in the Full Cleveland? *Everything* he is wearing is as loud as the roof on a Howard Johnson's.

Neckties are a little like wasp-waist corsets for women: even if one admires the look, he must wonder why they need to be uncomfortable. To be neat, the tie requires a shirt buttoned snugly at the Adam's apple. So, especially of course in summer, the body notices that it is airlessly bound at waist, wrists and neck. Food for the stomach and air for the lungs must pass down this strait constricted to appease teachers, bosses and headwaiters.

It is possible to defend dress codes while still finding it ridiculous that this oddly shaped rag, knotted at the throat, has come to define respectable dress in a man. The necktie did not arrive with any compelling mandate from nature. Its origins were whimsical enough. After the Croats defeated the Turks in a battle during the 17th century, the victorious regiment was given a welcome in Paris; admiring Frenchmen copied the soldiers' flowing scarves—*cravates*. Over the centuries, the tie has gone through thousands of fitful and pointless variations: stocks, string ties and once during the 19th century, a crescent-shaped bowtie worn with a choker collar so high and stiff that the wearer could neither see to the side nor turn his head. This year, fashion designers have ordained that, along with lapels, the thing must shrink again to '50s proportions (about three inches at the widest place).

Are there alternatives? If the tie is one of a man's few opportunities to peacock a bit, then presumably a substitute must involve some color too—a brocade vest, a plumed hat. For summer at least, the newly revived turn-of-the-century collarless shirt, without the celluloid attachable collar, has possibilities. It is neat and extraordinarily comfortable. If only the collarless shirt did not reek so disagreeably of a sort of Bloomingdale's chic, which has the effect of somehow trivializing the wearer. For years Filipino men have managed to be both elegant and comfortable in the *barong tagalog*, the embroidered shirt that is a kind of national costume. The caftan might not pass as suitable business attire, and the clergyman's Roman collar can bite the neck. But among the tunics, togas, jerkins, buff coats, cassocks, sweatshirts, turtle-necks and other garments that humans have experimented with down the long centuries, there must be some arrangement that will get a man past the *maitre d'*. A necktie cannot be the final answer. A man's clothes should not throttle him.

—Lance Morrow



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